

ARTHUR'S

Home Magazine.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1867.

TRIED.

BY FANNIE E. CHURCH.

She held it up, the glowing fuschia, quivering upon its slender stem, with its dashes of vivid flame darkening suddenly into purple, as though stained with its own heart's blood.

"Is it not beautiful?" She turned to the man at her side as she spoke.

"Very beautiful! That flower is your type, Rachel!"

"Mine!" She looked up into his face with a quick surprise and wonderment flashing into her eyes.

"Yes; because it is so symmetrical; so rich in its colors of passion and fire; so wholly beautiful."

"Don't; your words hurt me."

She shrank away from him then, the light in her eyes lost in a mist of tears. There was silence between them for a moment, and then she spoke sadly—"All my life long, this has been the one great want of my soul—this longing for symmetry and beauty of form—the lack of it was the bitterest grief of my early childhood, and I am afraid it is no better now. How could you speak so? You know I am very plain, Richard!"

The last words were rather a question than an affirmation, and his reply came quickly: "Perhaps so. But there is something better in your face than perfection of feature. Do you know it, Rachel? There is a glorious soul that shines from your eyes like 'a spirit of fire in a shell of pearls,' and that is why I said, 'the flower is your type.'"

He took it from her hands, letting the sun-light fall upon its royal colors, till the crimson

and purple hues shone with an added richness; then he went on: "You are so small, so slight, Rachel; your hold upon existence seems so slender; and yet you live so strongly, so earnestly, and carry about within yourself such a courage, such an energy, as often makes me, strong man as I am, blush for my wasted years—my useless life."

His eyes had fallen away from hers as he spoke, and there was that in the man's face that said his soul had wandered into the shadow of the past; but you could not have told whether the darkness was of sorrow or of sin. As for her, his words had sent an unwonted color to her pale cheek, and lit up her face until you would have wondered that any one could call her plain.

They had been friends, this Rachel Milroy and Richard Vinton, for nearly two years; and knowing each other so well, they had dropped all formality out of their conversation, and were simply Richard and Rachel. She was an orphan, had lost her parents when her life had hardly crossed its eleventh summer; and so she had grown up self-educated, self-dependant. Perhaps her discipline had been a fiery one. Be that as it may, it had brought out all her latent strength and loveliness of character, and made her life beautiful and true. Richard Vinton thought of all this as he sat there striving to read her very soul as it shone through her half averted face. There was much that was plain to him. The pages that met his vision told much of the present, and something of the past; and as he read, he wondered how

the slight frame could hold so strong a soul. What was it that gave such a beauty and power to her life? He could not tell! There was some mystery there. He had prided himself somewhat upon his skill in tracing character by the lineaments of the face; but, long as he had known her, there was that in Rachel Milroy's eyes that baffled him.

She spoke suddenly, and the words revealed the subject of her thought. "Richard, I wish you would tell me what you are living for?"

The question was a simple one; but she asked it gravely—earnestly, as though it touched upon a matter too solemn, too holy, to be profaned with trifling words. He looked at her, half in surprise, as he answered—"For my own amusement, of course, Rachel! Isn't that what the generality of people live for? I always thought it was!"

Her look of mingled wonderment and grief startled him. "Are you in earnest, Richard? If you are, where do you suppose the end will be? If you live thus for Time, what will be your soul's Eternity?"

The words came to him like a revelation of his own heart. His spirit's eyes swept backwards over his life, and a strange sense of unworthiness crept over him; strange, because it was so utterly new to him. Wealthy and talented, he had, as he had said, lived wholly for himself: had gloried in his masterly intellect, and for the sake of the fame that could so easily be his, had roused himself to some degree of effort. He had advanced splendid theories concerning the soul of man and its different states of being—it may have been that he had believed in them devoutly—but somehow, before the girl's simple, earnest questioning, they faded into thin air, and left him defenceless. He could not answer her, and so he asked of her as she had done of him—"What are you living for, Rachel?"

There was a moment's hesitation, and then her answer came, so gentle, so womanly, yet carrying with it a strong tide of conviction to his soul. "I know," she said, "that I come very far short of what I should be; that my life often goes far away from its great Exemplar; but I strive to live for others rather than for self, because there are so many suffering, so many poor, and fallen on earth, that even my weak woman's arm can aid. It is hard, sometimes, Richard, to sacrifice one's own pleasures for the good of others; but the reward is unspeakably glorious."

Here then, was the secret of her life, this living for others, in forgetfulness of self. How

poor and worthless his own ambition seemed compared with hers. It was unpleasant, this sense of inferiority, and he longed to get away from himself, if such a thing could have been. The great deeps of his soul were troubled, and he looked back over the rising waves to the quiet rest of an hour before, and wished that he could return to its unruffled calm. Perhaps that was why he started up suddenly, saying—"It is late, and I must go, Rachel!"

She rose up, and went with him to the door, watching him as he went out into the shade and shine of the summer afternoon, while the day went slowly downward towards the west to meet the coming twilight. At the gate he turned, and came back with quick steps.

"I shall remember what you have said, Rachel! Perhaps I shall be a better man after this." The waters were troubled still, but, far over the billows, his eye had seen the beacon light that pointed to the harbor beyond. He took her hand in his, pressed it to his lips a moment, and then was gone. For a long time she stood there—a long time—while an expression of deep thought rested upon her face. Ever since she had known Richard Vinton, she had been striving to rouse him to some sense of the wrong he was doing his own soul by his idle life. She had seen him so careless of the sacred gift, and it grieved her. How could he be so blind, so utterly regardless of what was to her of such vast importance through time and through eternity. His last words had gladdened her heart! perhaps she had accomplished some part of her purpose, which had ever been to incite him to higher and holier views of life. Little did she know of the agony that must come to his soul and to hers, before his manhood would assert its power.

Weeks passed before she saw him again, and one day, as she sat dreaming over one of Tennyson's Idyls, a message came to her. A poor woman, a stranger in the place, was very ill—dying, it was thought, and so destitute. Her heart and hands were always open! Would she come? So she laid aside the book, and went out into the hot, dusty street. It was not far to go, and so in a few moments she paused at the door of the little cottage, whither she had been directed. In answer to her gentle knock, a feeble voice, said—"Come in!" and so, raising the latch, she entered.

In one corner of the room stood a bed, on which reclined the form of a woman, apparently in the last stages of consumption. Upon her face were the traces of a loveliness that had once been hers; but Time, with merciless hands,

had drawn there the terrible lines of anguish and despair. Looking upon her, you would have known that the great waves had gone over her, bowing her down to the very earth, and crushing her soul with their cruel weight. On the floor, playing in the sunshine that streamed through the uncurtained window, sat a lovely child, whose blue eyes had seen the light of perhaps three summers.

With all that womanly courtesy so peculiarly her own, Rachel Milroy went up to the bedside; with gentle hands, she arranged the pillows and smoothed the heavy hair from the brow of the invalid, doing it all as lovingly, as tenderly, as she might have done, had it been her dearest friend. In a little while she went away, only to return with a basket, in which were dainty dishes and strengthening cordials for the sufferer. The villagers aided her in her work of love, and by their kindly care, the stranger was soon made comparatively comfortable. A physician had been called, but when he looked upon her face, he saw that death had placed his signet there, and so he told her, in simple, truthful words—"I can do nothing for you, Mrs. Lynn; your days on earth are numbered, now." And so, knowing that the weary life was almost at its close, Rachel cared for her very tenderly. Each day, for more than three weeks, she visited the cottage, and each day the dying woman and the fair-haired child watched for her coming.

One afternoon, as Rachel sat by the window, talking to the little one, and telling simple stories of the life of Christ, looking up suddenly, she met the dark, bright eyes of the mother fixed earnestly upon her. She rose up hastily. "What can I do for you, Mrs. Lynn?"

"Bring your chair up to the bedside, dear." And when it had been done, she said: "I am growing weaker, Rachel; my time cannot be long, for already the waters of the river lave my tired feet, and in a little while—a very little while—I shall go to my rest; but, dear friend, before I go away from you forever, I want to tell you the story of my life, with all its fearful wreck and ruin; for I have suffered, Rachel, God knows how terribly! and I thank Him, oh, how fervently, that the end is, almost here!"

She paused a moment, while her thoughts went backwards over the graves of the years, that had gone down to their death, bleeding and broken beneath strong weights of grief and tears, and then, slowly but calmly, she continued: "My girlhood was very bright, very beautiful, Rachel, and so tenderly guarded from all evil. When I was nineteen, I married, but

against the wishes of my parents. I loved my husband, and I could not believe them when they said his life was dark with sin, and so I did not heed my mother's pleading, my father's words of warning; and I lived to see them both laid in their graves, and my husband, the man for whom I left them, drags out his days within a prison cell, for forgery. If it had not been for my child, my little Lillian, long ago, perhaps, in that dark time, I should have dared to lay presumptuous hands upon my own life; but for her sake, I have striven to live."

She paused again, and hid her face a moment in her hands; then she was calm, and quietly took up the broken thread of her mournful narrative:

"And now, Rachel, I want to tell you why I came here. When I left my home, my father, angered by my disobedience, made a will depriving me of any share in his estate, and giving the whole to my only brother Richard; but when he was dying, he sent for me, and though I had given his kind heart so much of pain by my waywardness, he fully forgave me, and blessed his child with his last words. 'Richard will share with you,' he said; 'for I could not bear that you should ever suffer for the necessities of life, when there is enough and to spare.' Then he died, and a little while afterwards, my mother slept that same dreamless slumber; and then, while my heart yet mourned for their loss, came that greatest agony of all—my husband's arrest and conviction. After that, my health failed me, and for two years I lived in the same city as did my brother, and suffered the very extremes of poverty; for who was there to lend a helping hand to the wife and child of a convict? and he, knowing this, gave me no aid. I know that the disgrace was terrible for his proud spirit; but oh, he need not to have been so unjust! surely, my suffering was great enough, without this! I went to him, once; but he turned from me coldly, saying that I must not ask assistance from him—my husband was the proper one to attend to my wants; all this, when he knew so well what I had suffered. From that day to this, Rachel, I have not looked upon his face; and yet, we loved each other once. And now that I am dying, I have come to ask him to take my child—my darling Lillian. Ever since I came here, he has been away, and now I know I shall not live to see him; but after I am gone, will you not take her to my brother, Richard Vinton, and ask him to cherish her very tenderly, for the sake of the sister of his childhood?"

She did not see the face of the girl at her side;

or its sudden pallor would have startled her; she heard only the softly spoken, "I will;" and so she never knew how her words had wounded Rachel Milroy's soul. Could this thing be true? She had known that he had fallen short, sometimes, of what had seemed to her the true standard of manhood; but she had not thought of this. How far, in those few brief moments, had he fallen from her lofty ideal of purity and truth! How could he so have forgotten justice, and even, as it seemed to her, the dictates of common humanity! Now, as she looked upon the ruins, she saw how she had loved him—saw how he had entered into her heart, and made himself ruler there, and how her soul had bowed down before him in an almost idol worship. To know that one we have loved has proven unworthy! Can any sadder knowledge come to the heart of any woman than this? There was no word to tell of the crushed life, no tear fell upon the beautiful dead, but there went up to heaven that one cry, the prayer of the suffering through all time—"My God, strengthen me!"

Very brief was the struggle, and then the brave woman's soul came out conqueror, and she rose up, saying calmly—"Is there anything more that I can do for you now, Mrs. Lynn?"

"Nothing, Rachel. Must you go?"

"Yes; it is growing late; I will be over again to-morrow." She bent down as she spoke, and pressed a kiss upon the pale lips of the sick woman.

Very earnestly was the caress returned; and then she said—"God will bless you for your gentle care, dear Rachel! You will not forget what I have told you? You need not send any one to me to-night; I feel so much easier, and had rather be alone."

When all had been done that could be done for her comfort, Rachel Milroy went out into the gathering twilight, and with hurried steps went upon her homeward way, never stopping until she had reached the quiet of her own room, and there, when the door was locked and the curtains drawn tightly, she sat down to do what many another woman has done in grief and tears—to fold her beautiful love in its shroud, and bury it away from her sight forever.

Oh, it is well that the inner life of men is hidden away from the world's gaze. There are many Calvaries, but the world knows it not, and stricken hearts bury their own dead within the graveyards of the past, weeping over them with tears of blood, and then rising up to

go on in their earth life, carrying about in their souls those hidden graves.

Thus it was with Rachel Milroy. It was over at last; and when she joined the family circle that night, there was nothing in her face to tell of that one fearful struggle.

The next morning, as she stood by the garden gate, looking dreamily out upon the pleasant village, she was roused by a quick clattering of hoofs, and in a moment Richard Vinton stood by her side, looking into her eyes and holding both her hands in his.

It was so sudden, so unexpected, that for a moment she lost her self-control. The pain in her face startled him.

"What is it, Rachel? Aren't you glad to see me, little one?"

The words recalled her self-possession, and in a moment she answered calmly—"I am very glad to see you, Richard. When did you return?"

"Only this morning, Rachel. And now, can you guess why I have come? Tell me, little one," he said, passing his arm around her as he spoke, for she trembled with emotion; and then, as there was no reply, he went on in his passionate way, telling her how he had learned to love her, and how she had roused him out of his idle, aimless existence by her useful, earnest life. All this, and more, he said, while she stood there with her white face turned away from him, and a dumb agony written in her eyes, listening to her heart as it said mournfully—"Too late! too late!"

Rachel Milroy knew that, much as she loved him, she had lost her faith in his manhood, and without this, she dared not accept the love he had offered her. She had known that this must be; but she had hoped that she would be spared until she had grown stronger. And so, when he paused at last, waiting for her reply, she stood there silent still. How could she answer him?

He spoke then with a sudden reproach in his voice—"Have you nothing to say to me, Rachel? Nothing to give me back as a return for my deep love?"

She turned her sad eyes towards him then, saying pleadingly—"Be patient with me, Richard, just a little while; I want you to come with me."

He asked no question, but followed her, wondering, silently, as she led him on through the pleasant street, pausing at last before a humble cottage. There was no answer to her gentle knock, and so they entered the little room unbidden. Death had been there before

them. Upon the white face there was no ghastly imprint, for the angel of peace had fanned her with his balmy wings, and so sweetly she had fallen asleep. The weary heart had found its rest. By her side, all unconscious of her loss, with her golden hair falling over her face, slumbered the little Lillian. One glance, and all was told; Rachel Milroy spoke no word; she only pointed to the silent form, and then he understood. Memory led him back to his childhood, and he thought of her who had ever been his companion then. What if she had done wrong! had not his sin been greater still? And now she was dead! He went up to the bedside, and, bending down, pressed passionate kisses upon the cold lips, calling her by every endearing name; but the words of love fell all unheeded upon the deaf ear, now; his penitence and remorse were all too late.

When he had grown calmer, Rachel went to him, telling him of that last sad charge that the dead woman had given her; very gently, very tenderly she told him of her sufferings; but in her voice, he heard all that he had so feared. He knew, then, that though she pitied him in his sorrow, his unkindness towards his suffering sister, had shaken her faith in his manhood.

Two days afterward, there was a funeral; and then Richard Vinton took the motherless child, and went away from the little village, saddened perhaps, but wiser for this bitter lesson. He had resolved that henceforth he would live worthily of himself, and he would atone for the wrong he had done the dead by a life of tenderest devotion to the little Lillian.

His trial had been a fiery one, and his strong soul had bowed down for a time beneath the burden, but he had come up purified! henceforth he would put away his empty theories, his idle life, and become a humble, earnest listener to the teachings of Christ. He looked back over the years of the past, and wondered now, how he could have been so blind, so careless of the gifts that God had given him. His future should be devoted to His service, and so he entered upon the ministry.

Three years had passed, and still he labored on, until one day there was a great excitement in the village where he lived. There had been a terrible railroad accident; some had been killed; many were injured; and so, with others, he went to the scene of suffering. Here was laid a manly form, with the bounding life of the proud heart stilled suddenly and forever; there was a little child with death written upon its face; and all around, shrieks of agony and low moans of suffering fell upon his ear, as he

passed from one to another, and at last he came to where a woman's slender form lay motionless and still. The face was turned from him, but his heart told him, all too truly, who it was. He took her up tenderly, calling her by that sweetest of all names—"darling," and noticing, even then, how thin she had grown, and what a world of patient suffering was written upon the pallid face.

He carried her to his own home, and there, with tender care, they brought her back to life, and when she had grown stronger, he told her how he owed all that he was to her! how by her own pure faith, she had led him to Christ, and how in that hour of his trial, she had led him to resolve that at some future day, he would be worthy of her pure, true heart; and at the last, he said—"I want to tell you now, the same that I did three years ago! We have both known suffering since then, Rachel, but I trust that it has only been for our good. You will not refuse my love now, darling?"

In answer, she placed her hands in his, saying, earnestly—"I can trust you now, Richard!"

It was enough. He saw that her faith in him had risen from its grave, and with that he knew he had her love. The waves and the billows of suffering had passed over them, but through the rushing of the tempest, their waiting hearts had heard the voice of One all powerful—"Peace be still!"

THEN AND NOW.

BY LOUISE V. BODT.

"Of a sweet-voiced bird
That singeth unheard
In a woodland far away,
And of foreign flowers
More fair than ours,
My spirit dreams to-day,
Oh, that mine eyes those flowers could see!
Oh, would that the bird-song were for me!"
Thus I murmured the livelong year,
Before I found thee, my true love, dear.

"Such a glorious bird
Ne'er before was heard
As the robin in our tree;
And levelier flowers
Than these of ours
I know there could not be;
Our home, it is a world of love,
Dear as our dreams of heaven above!"

This, this, I whisper the whole long year,
Since thou hast clasped me, oh, true love
dear!

KITTY ELLIOT.

BY M. O. JOHNSON.

"Charlie, Charlie! the Swiss Bell-ringers are to perform this evening. I have been longing for you to come home, to tell you about it."

With this greeting, little Kitty Elliot, the wife of a year, sprang to meet her husband. She was a pretty lady, with a fairy-like form, tiny hands and feet, a fair complexion, and cheeks just tinged with rose-color, blue eyes, and golden hair, which she still wore as in childhood, in long curls around her neck.

"There is the bill, Charlie," she said, as she tossed it across the dining table. "I heard them when they were here while I was a little girl. Of course I don't recollect much about it, but I know I was pleased. And you see it must be much better now, with their new bells and long practice. Then those dear little children in costumes! They surely will look very pretty indeed. Oh, Charlie! I do long to see and hear them!"

Charlie made no reply. His silence, and the serious expression of his face, did not quite suit Kitty, and she asked anxiously, a doubt having for the first time crossed her mind—

"Cannot we go? You know baby always sleeps all the evening, and mother is never better pleased than when she has the care of her."

"All that I that I know," Charlie answered; "but I know, too, that baby's mother has not been out after sunset since her arrival, and a chilly autumn evening is not the best time for such experiments. If it were pleasant, the case would be somewhat different; but the wind is east, the atmosphere very damp, and there is every appearance of a storm coming on. It would not be prudent for you, darling!"

"Oh, Charlie! I am perfectly well. It could not do me any harm. I can wrap up as much as you please." Don't be so very particular."

"I think Charlie is right, dear," said Mrs. Elliot. "I would gladly take care of baby, if it were safe for you to go; but you could scarcely avoid taking cold, especially in coming out of a warm hall, after sitting with your things on."

"Wait, Kitty, and think it over by yourself this afternoon," said Charlie. "We won't talk of it any more just now."

Think about it when alone, Kitty certainly

did; but as her feelings led her thoughts, her husband found her, when he came home to tea, still eager to attend the concert, and confident she should not take cold.

The little wife was not without good principles, and a strong affection for her husband; but she was scarcely eighteen, an only and petted daughter, and it was not strange that she was sometimes thoughtless. She would not wilfully persist in wrong when she saw it as such; but at times, as in the present instance, her impulses blinded her judgment.

At tea, she waited for Charlie or his mother to revert to the concert; but they did not, and she again urged the subject, though with some embarrassment and a heightened color. The weather was even more unpleasant than at dinner-time.

After trying ineffectually to convince her that she ought not to go, her husband said, kindly, but gravely: "Kitty, I have thought the matter all over many times; and though very reluctant to disappoint you, it is my settled conviction that it would be very imprudent for you to go. I shall not command you—I hope never to do that. If you go, I shall attend you, to take care of you so far as I can; but you will go with my serious disapproval, and grieve me very much."

Kitty's only reply was a gush of tears, and she retreated to her chamber. She was not usually so childish; but she was passionately fond of music, and her feelings had been in a state of excitement all the afternoon. This was the first time her husband had crossed her will, and she really was not, as she thought, perfectly well. This Charlie knew; and he wisely checked the impatience that arose in his breast, and resolved to bear with her present state, and exercise towards her the utmost gentleness. Well was it for both husband and wife, that her lot was cast with that of one so strong to rule himself, so thoughtful in his care so patient with another's weakness.

It was in vain that Kitty said to herself—"I can go well enough; it will not hurt me; and when Charlie sees that it does not, he will be satisfied."

She rocked her babe to sleep, but with less delight than usual, and she sang in trembling

tones. She felt an oppression about her heart that she could not throw off. She commenced the "wrapping up" she had spoken of, trying to convince herself, as she went on, of the impossibility of taking cold; but she became more and more uneasy. A consciousness that she was doing wrong, grew still more vivid. Suppose she should take cold? She would not believe it—but it might be possible; suppose she should? She might be very sick—she might die; and what then of her babe—her innocent, helpless babe—her faithful, affectionate husband?

"Have I a right to risk all this?" she asked herself, "for the pleasure of an evening? And even if I escape a cold, this will be the first step in a dangerous path—that of acting in opposition to my husband. Will the enjoyment be worth its cost? Shall I not lessen his confidence in me? I prize that confidence beyond the wealth of worlds; and I know that thus far, it has been entire. Can his affection remain unchanged?"

She turned, and bent over her sleeping child. As she rested her hand on the little crib, the gleaming gold of her marriage ring caught her eye, and the thought of all her husband's love and kindness, interwoven with every hour since that emblem first encircled her finger, swept over her with a mighty influence. How could she give him so much pain?

As the young mother silently pressed her lips on the infant brow, her resolution was formed. She threw aside her wrappings, and bounded down stairs. Her husband was standing before the fire, with a look of sadness in his face, such as she had never before seen there. She glided to his side, and clasping her arms around his neck, hid her face in his bosom, and whispered—"Charlie, forgive me!—I will stay at home."

He pressed her to his heart, and lifting her face, smoothed back the curls from her brow, and kissed away the tears that glistened on her eyelashes, saying tenderly, though half playfully—"I could not afford to risk losing you, my little beauty."

That night, Kitty's prayer was offered with repentant feeling, and gratitude that she had been withdrawn from what she truly termed "a dangerous path." In after years, the incident was not forgotten, nor its lesson disregarded.

Count that day lost whose low, descending sun
Sees at thy hand no worthy action done.

VOL. XXIX.—20

GATHERED HOME.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

I sat in the dim, gray twilight
That folded the homestead in,
And the wind in the tall, swaying maples,
Kept up a melodious din.
My thoughts were away with my darlings,
Afar 'neath the Southland skies,
And I asked of myself, if the fair moon
Looked into my brave boys' eyes?

I said to myself—"Are they thinking
Of mother and home to-night?
Perhaps they are stationed on picket,
And maybe they've been in a fight.
Oh! Wind, from the south, can you tell me?
Know you aught of my dear ones, afar?
Can you tell me if now they are looking
With me, at the evening star?"

And then from the portals of Heaven,
I heard a grand, sweet voice,
As soft as the winds of Eden,
And it said to me—"Rejoice!
For the ones thou gav'st to thy country,
I have gathered home to me,
And down by the banks of the river
They wait with a welcome for thee."

Then I knew that my boys had fallen,
And my heart stood still with pain;
I knew there had been a battle,
And they were among the slain.
I knew that I never should meet them,
Till over the mystic tide,
I should cross with the silent boatman,
To the land on the other side.

And then from the hills of Heaven,
That voice, so grand and so calm,
Fell down on my wounded spirit
Like a sweet, refreshing balm—
"Oh, mother! weep not for thy children,
For they dwell among the blest;
But get thee ready to meet them
In the Golden City of Rest."

And then I rose up in the twilight,
And lifted my eyes to our God,
To the beautiful City Celestial,
That mortal foot never hath trod,
And I cried—"Oh, my boys! I will meet you
By and by, on the beautiful shore,
That lieth just over the river,
Where partings are known never more."

Each day I look out for the boatman
Who shall ferry my freed soul o'er
To the land where my boys are waiting
For their mother's kiss once more.
I stand each day by the river,
And look out over the tide,
And listen and long for the summons
To come from the other side.

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PATRICK LINN AND THE SQUIRREL.

A JERSEY STORY.

BY ELLA LATROBE.

PART I.

Young Mr. Smith stood at his gate one morning, waiting while the farm lad gave his horse a drink, before he started upon his trip to town. The horse was a fine one, splendidly groomed, and it was debatable whether the horse set off the shining new harness, or whether the harness adorned the horse. The carriage, too, was new, and, though light and airy, had evidently been built with seats for two, though a bachelor still was young Mr. John Smith.

The fences and outbuildings were all recently painted or whitewashed, and the house was one of those which Mr. Dickens pronounced too fresh and nice-looking to be left out of doors over night. The lawn was deep green, though just mowed. The trees were trim as possible, the gravel walks rolled, and altogether the place and its surroundings were entirely different from the traditional slovenliness of a bachelor's establishment.

Well, the truth was that Mr. John Smith was just meditating his escape from that uncomfortable predicament, a state of loneliness. He was more than meditating. "The wedding-day appointed was, and everything provided," as the old song runs. And if you could have looked in-doors, you would have found all things ready there, as well as out of doors. The prospective Mrs. Smith had aided in furnishing and decorating, and the place wanted only herself and her wardrobe to become her home.

John Smith had inherited a fair farm, though somewhat encumbered with the charges of rearing and educating himself and his sisters. And it was further charged with an annuity to those sisters while they lived. By praiseworthy diligence and economy, the mortgages had all been raised; and by further industry, the means had been secured to portion the sisters, and leave the farm, without encumbrance, to John Smith, his heirs and assigns, to have and to hold, and all the rest of it. Everybody was ready for the wedding—John and his sisters, the maiden and her sisters. John's mother was dead, but the lady's mother and father were still living, well-to-do, and very

careful people. Perhaps, then, prudence had checked John's young enthusiasm, and procured all this preparation as a condition precedent to their surrender of Ruth Ann. No doubt they were right. And John confessed it, as he looked with some little pride over his really comfortable domain. He had but one more payment to make, and the whole business was complete. The sum—no small one for a farmer—was ready, and in his pocket. To-day's visit to town was to finish all the preliminaries, and next week he was to be married.

Such a man, clear of the world, sure of a good start in matrimony—an enterprise in which so many men, and more women, make a poor beginning—ought to have had a heart for all the world, and a hand

Open as day to melting charity.

But we are afraid that John Smith was like too many other successful people, inclined to look superciliously upon the less fortunate. At any rate, the glances which he threw upon a poor wayfarer who approached him, were anything but those of cheer or of welcome. John ought to have looked with compassion, at least, upon the stranger—poor, vagrant, wandering, houseless, homeless, without money and without friends, the very vagrancy that made him necessitous operating against his relief. He was Irish, and in fair spirits, though he had suffered enough from ague to shake the spirits out of any one but an Irishman.

Now don't be too harsh in your judgment, pray, Mr. John Smith! Not very inviting persons, certainly, these wandering emigrants appear. But there may be a world of romance in their histories, and there may be poetry, and must be humor, if they are Irish.

"Can you help a man to a job of work?" said the traveller, politely, yet manfully.

"I'll give you your breakfast," said Smith, not over-graciously.

"Deed, I've breakfasted twice, already," said the man, "and have had four more invitations."

Oh, Pat, why didn't you go in? It would

have led you to something better than any breakfast you ever tasted. None of us know what may depend upon a trifle, or what rests on our decision in matters too trivial to cause thought. Weal and woe are just separated by the thinnest of veils. Neither do we suspect how much our lives and fates may be interwoven with that of a person most indifferent to us.

"Can I find a job of work?" Patrick inquired again.

"How do I know that you will not rob me, or burn my buildings, or ride my horses to death of nights? How can you expect a man to take in a stroller, that he knows nothing about? Where are you travelling?"

"Nowhere," said Patrick, sadly, "for I have just nowhere to go. I'm four months in the country, and three of them I'm sick, and I don't just know what I'll do, or what will become of me."

"Humph!" said the farmer, "the old story. We are plagued to death with such beggars. Why couldn't you stay at home?"

"It's a long story, and it's no use telling it. My sister sent over the water for me——"

"And that's a great note! A big hulking fellow like you, to come on her money, and to live on her, I dare say, till she would put up with it no longer."

"Deed, I don't know that she's living herself, let alone her keeping me alive."

And here the poor fellow's sad voice and face moved the farmer a little. But his horse was now ready, and he was in happy, selfish haste with his own concerns. "Well, well," he said, "every man knows his own trouble. I can't spare time to set you to work to-day, and hope you will have better luck with others." And he handed poor Pat a trifle, thinking, as he did so, "but you have a hang-dog look, after all!"

And so the poor Irishman walked away, seeking in vain for employment or sympathy, though there was no lack of offers of "something to eat." Now, trampers no more than other people, can eat all the time, and those are not quite charitable who denounce them as imposters, merely because they are not always hungry. He is not necessarily a knave who, on a full stomach, declines the tender of something more.

His road—for all roads were alike to him—lay through a village. The dogs barked at him, the children stared, and the elders declared that he *must* be a rogue. They would not give him money, for they said he must be

a "drinking man," he was so livid and sal-low. He was burned up with drink. Had his face been full and rosy, the conclusion would have been the same. Prejudged is condemned.

The justice of the peace, *vulgo* 'squire, after the manner of public functionaries, was standing at the door of his office, with the constable. Pat asked him for work. The justice thought he ought to be committed, and told him so.

"Don't commit yourself, your worship," Pat retorted. "If everybody had their deserts, your honor, there's others besides me that might not be standing here."

"You'd better go on," said the constable, who united with his other functions, that of overseer of the poor. "You had better go on! If you lounge about here all day, when you might be travelling, the town wont give you lodgings to-night."

"Maybe I'd better take a turn over the country, and come back again for a bed," said Patrick.

The constable lowered on him with his official eyes; the by-standers laughed, and a scamp of a boy pinned a dirty rag to Pat's jacket.

On he pushed, and left the village behind him. "Certainly a thief," said the 'squire.

"Or a 'sendary," said the constable.

"You might know he's not so poor," said another, "for my woman offered him some breakfast this morning, and he wouldn't have it."

Friendless, and hopeless, and aimless; bound for "nowhere" and a market, poor Patrick travelled along; never a ray of comfort, never a word of hope. The first pleasant circumstance which befell him was, that at length he grew undeniably hungry, and redeemed his character at a farm-house where he stopped, by making a hearty dinner.

In better strength, and with more cheerful hopes, he pushed on again. But as the day grew warmer, and he was going "nowhere," he decided that it would not delay his journey if he stopped to rest. Albeit, "nowhere" seemed not so indefinite as before he dined, and he began to have hopes of sometime reaching the place, and finding it pleasant.

So he drew pipe, tobacco, and match from his pocket, and comforted himself with that cheap indulgence which the abstemious condemn. It does lead to a "drop" sometimes, perhaps, and it is no warrant of welcome to a stroller seeking lodgings in a barn. This is an average world, after all; and vagrants, like the more fortunate, are required to put

with the good, some evil in their pipes, and smoke it.

As Pat whiffed, and thought of "nowhere," his eyes naturally scanned the road before him, taking in every puddle, every rut, and every pebble, *seriatim*; and with that becoming and patient gravity with which a pipe makes everybody do nothing. At last his eye rested on something which was not at all like a leaf, nor quite like a chip, nor exactly like a stone. As no survey from a distance could solve his doubts, he nerved himself to the effort of getting up to go and look nearer.

Hippity, hew! Pat has not executed such a leap since he came to this blessed country; nor has he followed the first jump with such a jig since he was last at Donnybrook Fair. But there's somebody coming along the road, and he creeps back to his seat as demurely as if he had never learned to dance; or rather, had never—as an Irishmen always does—taken to it "naturally, jist."

The passenger rode by, and as he looked at Pat in passing, he thought to himself—"Well, you are a thievish-looking chap, and I wouldn't care to meet you alone, after dark!" What a pity it is, that everybody is not born to good looks!

Waiting till there was nobody in sight, Pat put his hand in his bosom, and drew something almost out. Seeing another carriage-top rising over the hill, he pushed the something back again; and when this traveller passed, our Irish friend was smoking away as demurely as if there was nothing in his breast, or on it, "at all, at all." And this traveller, too, agreed to the common verdict—"Bad! bad fellow! I do wish there were not so many of these strollers about!"

As the wagon rolled on out of sight, Pat rose from his seat, put out his pipe, buttoned his jacket close over his breast, warm though the weather was, and the sun at blazing noon. He climbed the fence, and took his way into a copse by a winding wood road. When sure at last that he was out of everybody's sight, where not even the sun could find him, he sat down and drew from his bosom the prize that he had found. It was a pocketbook.

Pat was not skilled in letters, and could not make out the value of the papers which the book contained. He understood bank notes, however, and fairly held his breath while wealth greater than ever he had dreamed of was unrolled before him.

"Now, then, if Bridget *could* be found, and Norah, too—sure, here's more than enough for

the whole of us! Living on my sister, indeed!" And his eyes gleamed with joy.

A rustle in the dry leaves made him start. He hurried his prize into his bosom again, and looked about him in alarm. "Sure, it's only a squirl, it was," he said, reassured, as the fleet little disturber flitted by him and took refuge in a tree, stopping there to look down on him, as if to ask—"What are *you* doing here, Pat Linn?"

"Sure, it's a squirl," said Pat again to himself. But a new shade of thought came over his face. "Pat Linn! Pat Linn!" he cried, as if he were not himself, but somebody else; "Pat Linn! Stand up wid you, and be talked to! Yourself, now mind, Pat Linn! Not that murderin' thief that was here in your jacket, just now! There's not a hap'ny of that money that is yours, and you know it! You, Pat Linn, that never was afraid to look the wur-rld in the face, to be scared by a squirl! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

Then sitting down again, he reproduced the pocketbook, and carefully smoothed and rearranged the money and the papers. "Niver does Pat care who sees, or who knows," he said. With his coat buttoned, but not now for concealment, but safety, he regained the road, and strode off with long, bold steps, far different from his faint gait in the morning. "It's the money gives me strength, sure. There's a power of independence in it."

PART II.

Dreadful times up at the house of Neighbor Jones, Ruth Ann's father. Neighbor Jones is looking glum. Mrs. Jones is looking spiteful. Ruth Ann has cried herself sick, and gone to bed, though it is only the beginning of the evening. John Smith has been at the house, but was forced to beat an early retreat. Precious little comfort he found there, I'll warrant!

But what is the matter? Mr. Smith returned from the town, with oh, what a woful account of himself! He is sure that he had his money all right in his pocket at the toll-gate, but when he reached the city, money and pocketbook were gone. He had ridden carefully over the road, and asked everybody that he met if they had seen it. But he did not ask our friend, Pat Linn; for when he came up the road, Pat was in the woods, "discoorsin" to himself and the squirrels.

A dreadful blow it was to John Smith. He felt this evening more wretched than did poor Pat in the morning. And there was nobody

to comfort him, any more than there had been to comfort Pat. Ruth Ann was, if possible, even wretcheder than he, and had no consolation to offer. Ruth's mother tendered such condolence as they used to give a sailor, after a whipping—brine to the back. And the father looked glum—glum—there is no other word for it. He looked as if he thought a great deal more than he cared, or dared to say.

The young couple saw from the father's mood, that the wedding could not take place, as per appointment, under existing circumstances; and they were grieved for themselves. And Mrs. Jones saw that the thing must wait—be postponed indefinitely; and she grieved and sulked because of what Mrs. Grundy would say. Mr. Jones himself was intensely angry about the loss—if loss there was.

"If loss there was." And that was the doubt that Mr. Jones felt, but dare not plainly speak. But he had intimated enough to make his wife more spiteful, his daughter desperately sad, and Mr. Smith furiously angry.

Oh, Mr. Smith! now you may feel what it is to be unjustly suspected. And you might think how even that poor vagrant Irishman felt this morning, under your uncharitable words, if in your own great trouble you had not forgotten his existence. There is ONE who does not forget, and retribution overtakes us, when we least expect it.

But what could neighbor Jones suspect? He knew that Smith, and his daughter, too, had long been impatient; and he knew that the only difficulty in their way, was that of his imposing. If Smith could make it appear that he was, in due time, all ready, but was defeated by an unfortunate loss or accident; and if, thus, he could secure his bride and her portion—if. "But he shall not!" said Neighbor Jones. And this he said plainly enough. The poor bride expectant, went crying to her room. John Smith started for his own home, almost ready to demolish the new furniture—quite ready to unpaint his house, if he could have done it, and fully resolved to send his new carriage to be sold, and to take his sisters home again. The old horse and Rockaway would do for them.

He has driven, in his heat, past his own door, and at a pace, too, for which he would have scolded his best friend—his wife even, this morning. "No matter," he said, "I will keep on down to the village, and inquire. Who knows but I may hear of it there?"

Pat Linn has reached the village before him. The squire and the constable were at their

posts, more consequential in the evening than in the morning; for now the idlers are reinforced, and weighty questions in law and politics are under discussion, the squire pronouncing, and the constable seconding and affirming.

"Why, here's that fellow again," cries Tipstaff; "I shall move, your honor, for his commitment."

"Don't commit yourself, as I told you before," said Pat, "until you allow me to lodge a complaint, jist."

"No trifling with justice! No contempt of court!" said his honor, severely.

"Intirely suparfluous," said Pat, "any contempt that I'd put upon your honor. Will you take my information?"

"On your oath, sir! At your peril, sir!" said the justice.

"Mind, I tell you——" broke in the constable.

"Silence!" thundered the squire.

"Some desperate character," said Pat, "has burglariously and faloniously dropped this in the road to snare a poor fellow——"

Half a dozen hands were reached out at once for the book; half a dozen voices cried—"Let's see!"

"Aisy, gentlemen," said Patrick; "I can't let this go just that way. If everybody knew what is intil it, some honest gentleman might make a mistake, and think it his."

Suddenly there was a division of counsels. One proposed one thing, and another something else, while Pat, with the book replaced in his bosom, and his coat rebuttoned, stood looking at them all, with a knowing leer. Nobody knows what course events would have taken, had not John Smith just then come up, his horse sadly jaded, and the driver no better.

The end may readily be guessed. John Smith was himself again, and in his hearty gratitude, said—"My friend, what shall I do for you?"

"I might like a job of work, or a night's lodgings, any way, if you were sure I wouldn't rob you," said Patrick, "or burn your buildings, or drive your horse to death. But, faith! you've pretty near done that, your own self!"

"Don't be too hard on me," said Smith, completely ashamed—"I'll make you a present——"

"No, you wont. Honor bright, is honor bright; and what's yours, isn't mine; and I'm mighty glad to be shut of it," said Pat, with an inward thought of that "squir'l" in the woods.

"The gentleman can treat all round," said the constable; and the 'squire nodded approval.

"No he can't," said Pat, interposing with a stout voice, and a proud look. "If there's reward due anywhere, it's to me, and you fellows can't drink at my expense; and it's my private opinion, you'd better drink no more at your own. A pretty set you are—kind, and hospitable, and charitable. You never judge a poor fellow unheard—not you! Maybe, Mr. Constable, the town wont lodge me, after all!"

And there was no occasion. Pat rode home with John Smith, nothing loth; for he had more than earned his lodging. John did not wait, but posted on, afoot, to comfort Ruth Ann. Pat did his first work in his new place, by grooming the horse, which his care and skill barely saved from foundering.

But, the horse cared for, Pat went to the house, and nearly killed Smith's young house-keeper—with joy and surprise. She was his sister—his own sister, Bridget. And she retaliated by nearly stunning him with the news that Norah—his own Norah, dearer than sister, was at the next farm-house.

To tell the rest, is waste of words; how the wedding *did* come off, and Mrs. Grundy said it was elegant; how Father Jones, humiliated into repentance, doubled Ruth Ann's *dot*; how Mrs. Jones whimpered, and still declared it was the happiest day of her life, and said that now "she *could* die." But she did not.

And Patrick Linn—sure he was not long in seeking out Norah. And he became Smith's tenant, till he could buy a bit of a place for himself, where no sportsman is allowed to disturb a "squir'l," in season, or out of season. The strawberries he raises, the raspberries, and the Lawton blackberries; is not their flavor on the palates of the epicures? And are not Pat's prizes recorded in the annals of the Fruit-Growers' Association? And is not he a friend in need, to all weary travellers?

Seriousness is right enough in its place; but man cannot always be serious, and he is not intended to be. The best proof of this is, that man is the only creature whom God hath endowed with a capacity to *smile*.

WANTED TO KNOW.—The length of the rule of three?—How many days in the march of intellect?—The depth of the well where truth is found? The width of a broad hint?

NOW, AND THEN.

BY CORA MAY.

When the morning of life was before me,
I said, it will always be fair;
My pathway shall lie among roses,
With never a thorn or a care.

And the path shall lead up the mountain
That is crowned with the temple of Fame,
I will write on its fairest tablet
In glowing letters, my name.

The whole world shall bow before me,
I will set my throne so high
In the throbbing hearts of the people,
And then, ah! *then* I can die.

But before the beautiful morning
Had widened into the day,
Oh! my weary feet were bleeding
With the roughness of the way,

And I said, let my life-path lead me
Into valleys low and sweet,
Where only the fair, bright blossoms
Of love spring up at my feet;

Where the wild winds cannot reach me
With their desolating blast,
And my pathway, leading heavenward
Will grow brighter to the last.

And *now*, the crown I am wearing
So proudly, is *lose*, and my name
Is written in glowing letters,
Though not in the halls of Fame.

And the throne where I reign supremely,
Is reared in the heart of a home
Where the sunshine loves to linger,
And the shadows never come.

Of all rare, costly jewels,
Oh! the fairest and the best
Have been lent me by "Our Father,"
And cradled upon my breast.

And lest I grow forgetful,
And should wander into sin,
I've a cross to bear with patience,
And a brighter crown to win.

So my day glides on to its evening
And my life down to Death's dark night;
I shall sleep, but only to waken,
To a morning of glorious light.

CHILDREN.

Oh, each of these young human flowers
God's own high message bears,
And we are walking all our hours
With "angels, unawares."

OIL ON THE WATERS.

BY MELICENT IRWIN.

"Martha Raynor, what would you do?"

Miss Fortescue stood erect and resolute, ready apparently to enter upon any course of action that might be proposed, with a vehemence which might be rather overwhelming.

"Do?" repeated Martha Raynor, looking up from her sewing with her usual placid, undisturbed expression resting like light on her sweet face—"I would do vigorously, Fanny, dear; but I would not seem to do at all."

"Lucid!" remarked Miss Fanny, tapping her foot impatiently upon the hearth-rug.

"Perhaps so. If you can stop long enough, I will try to explain; though you know the ground so much better than I, that you may find my views quite at fault."

"No one can know the ground exactly, without just stepping into my place for a month or more," remarked Miss Fortescue, taking a low rocker. "The children are growing up undisciplined, and Edward grows worse every day. To be sure, I would not allow any one else to say it of them; but the mother of the dear children was your sister, and I am Edward's, and there ought to be freedom between us."

"All these years since Ellen died, it has been such a comfort to me to know you were taking her place to the little ones and making a home for poor Edward. Your brother has been much tried. I am glad he has you to minister to him. You are doing a good work, Fanny."

"A fruitless one, I fear, Martha. I'm tired—that's truth! I see that their table is supplied, that their wardrobe is in order, and there my service and my influence ends. To be sure, I am alone since mother died, and I suppose that Edward thinks that having a home here and things, as he seems to believe, much my own way in my department, I ought to be content. But, my dear, it is a kind of purgatory, really, and if it were not that I love them all dearly, and fear another might do worse for them, I should make myself a place elsewhere, quickly."

"What tries you most, Fanny?"

"A mental deafness, dear, I think, constitutional with my brother and inherited by all the children. My words have no more effect than the wind. Even my requests for necessary things for the household are disregarded."

Edward could have saved half the expense of fires this winter, by using coal. Wood is growing scarce and high in this vicinity; yet, in spite of all I could say, and did say, the orders given for fuel were for wood. The children learn disrespect from him. When the men brought the new stoves in, Fred's commentary to George was—"Wont Aunt Fan rave?" I never opened my head about them, but had the pleasure of hearing a suppressed chuckle, and—"She don't say anything; but didn't that door slam, though!" They all seem fairly leagued against me." And Miss Fortescue leaned back in her chair, with the air of a martyr.

"I fear Edward's business troubles may have warped him somewhat," said Martha. "He was always most considerate to Ellen. I have been accustomed to think of him as one of the kindest, most thoughtful of men."

"I never said he was unkind," interrupted Miss Fanny. "His presents are most generous, and if one has even a headache, his concern knows no bounds; but he doesn't hear what one says, and he speaks sharply, sometimes; and he doesn't manage the children rightly, though of course I would say it to no living soul but yourself. George and Kate are getting old enough to make things easier for me, but they seem to enjoy a continual sparring; and we all seem to be at swords' points, sometimes, about mere nothing at all. It's undignified and disgraceful!"

"That's true, Fanny, dear. There is one thing in your account of the stove matter, however, that I admire vastly, and that is that you kept silence after they were brought home. That was a master-stroke!" And Martha leaned forward, and dropped a kiss, soft as a whisper on Miss Fortescue's forehead. "There is an Eastern proverb," she continued, "that, 'though speech may be silver, silence is gold,' which, in many a household, would soon prove itself true."

"Fanny, dear," she resumed, after a moment's pause, "in my migrations, I have had a home in many families; and you say that I have an under-current of sympathy with most every one, that enables me to know them better than others do. Whether this be so or not, I have invariably found the proverbial skeleton in every house, though in some it was long

unsuspected, because of the mantle of silence which screened it. Those were the happiest homes. You thought me not deficient in spirit when I exposed Nelson Fardell's machinations. I do not object to clear statements and strong words, when they are necessary. Their use is many times a duty. But this one rule which I have observed carried out in happy homes, I have adopted for myself; namely, never to say anything likely to be at all disagreeable to any one, *unless* some positive good is to be gained by it. Now, dear, if your criticisms, and requests, and advice, which I know in themselves to be excellent, really do fail of effect, I'd drop them for a while at least. Good medicines sometimes lose effect after a time, or too large doses counteract their virtues."

"But, Martha, I've got a woman's tongue. I must talk. I'm afraid I should fail in the rôle of a mute."

"I hope you would. You have done your duty in warning, advising, and expostulating. You are exempt from blame if the evils you foresee attack the household speedily, like so many birds of prey. You are worried and wearied. Now just give up all responsibility on that score, and select only agreeable subjects. Permit yourself to say nothing but what is agreeable to those around you, for one month. I am glad you can't be mute, for such gifts of sprightly conversation as you are endowed with, ought not to lie dormant. You need mental rest and refreshment. Let your mind dwell only on pleasant subjects while I stay. If I see any very dangerous breakers ahead, I'll give the alarm! You can trust me."

Miss Fortescue looked straight into Martha Raynor's clear eyes a few moments.

"You are a strange child," said she. "Maybe there is a grain of wisdom in what you say. I'll think about it!" And, duster in hand, she left the room.

At dinner, Miss Fortescue was unusually silent, and bit her lip once or twice to keep back an observation she was about making.

"How do you like my new overcoat?" asked her brother, preparing to go out.

"That color," began Fanny—she was about to add—"I never liked for gentlemen's wear;" but the sentence glanced aside, and concluded with—"is very fashionable this winter; the material, too, is firm and good."

The coat having been bought, would be worn. Had she been consulted before the purchase, she might have offered a remonstrance as to color. As it was, nothing would be gained by so doing now.

"Suits me exactly! I'm glad you like it!" buttoning up.

"I would have the new suit darker, however, I think," added Fanny, fearing she had not been quite truthful, perhaps, in withholding the color objection entirely.

Mr. Fortescue scanned the new coat. "Come to think of it, I believe I will!" he assented.

A spirited onslaught against the color, in his sister's usual style, would very likely have provoked the rejoinder—"The most fashionable color worn. I am going to have the new suit the same shade, precisely!"

Miss Fortescue came to Martha. "Fred ought to study Latin. He is eager to, but his father will not hear a word to it. I do not like his being kept at Miss Edgerton's school, at all. He ought to go to the Academy, and he ought to take Latin. What can I do?"

"Have you spoken to Edward about it?"

"A dozen times!"

"Then I should take the matter into my own hands."

"You! you little authority-loving, law-abiding citizen, who would have every man autocrat in his own household!"

"I should do within my own lawful limits. I should do, without seeming to do. I would teach Fred myself."

"I couldn't take him beyond the first lessons."

"If he kept up his interest, Edward would come into your plan, and send him to the Academy. There is nothing like starting a project, to get interest awakened in it!"

"You think Edward would let him change schools?"

"I haven't a doubt of it."

The Latin lessons began. "I have forgotten so much of what I did know, I am a dull teacher," said Miss Fortescue. "What do you think of asking young Ross to come in and give Frank an evening lesson?"

And it was arranged agreeably to both parties, that the lad next door, who stood high in his class, should give little Fred evening lessons.

"What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Fortescue. "Latin! My son, a business man can do without Latin! You are bent on being a scholar, are you? No bad thing, after all! Does he get on well, Ross?"

"Fred is a natural scholar, sir; he'd outstrip the fellows of his size, in no time!"

"He would, would he? I think the boy will have to go to the Academy, won't he, Aunt Fanny?" said the father.

Miss Fortescue forbore to say—"That is what I have been trying to have you comprehend, some time;" she merely said, in a pleased tone—"I am glad you think so."

At the beginning of the next term, little Fred's name was enrolled on the list of the Academy scholars, and that without Miss Fanny having made a thirteenth request.

As the new year approached, Mr. Fortescue looked over bills and accounts, preparatory to clearing up old scores. "I declare, this wood bill is awful!" he exclaimed. "We ought to have tried coal this year."

Kate was naturally something of an agitator. "Just what Aunt Fanny tried so hard to make you see, pa. You insisted wood was just as cheap."

"Well, well; Aunt Fanny tries to make a man see so many things, there's no discriminating!" And he turned to his bills again.

The color came hotly to Miss Fortescue's cheek; but silence was golden, then, and

Martha did not even raise her eyes from her work.

"Another year, if I live, I'll have coal; that's certain!" presently ejaculated Mr. Fortescue, after a hurried calculation. "Should have done so this year, and saved quite a handsome item, if I had paid attention to what you were talking about, Fanny," he added, apologetically.

And Miss Fortescue found that the more agreeable and considerate of others' feelings her conversation became, strange to say, the more readily was she listened to, and the more fully were her lightest suggestions regarded.

Years passed, and in his college days, Fred, who became "the scholar" of the family, used to remark to his chum, that "there was one woman, his Aunt Fanny, who had a wonderful amount of wisdom, which she contrived to give everybody the benefit of, without every seeming to dictate; and no matter what the trouble or perplexity might be, the very tones of her voice were like 'oil on troubled waters!'"

GENERAL TOMMY.

BY MAY LEONARD.

Our house is under martial law, and Tommy is our ruler. It has always been so, since his birth; I remember when he was a wee bit of a baby, the dinner hour was changed, that the clatter of our dishes might not disturb his afternoon nap, and everything was regulated to suit his royal pleasure.

None of us older children were allowed to appear at the family table until we had learned to handle a knife and fork properly; but Tommy was brought down in triumph, as soon as he could sit up in his high chair.

And then such behavior! Why, Tommy may do the most ill-bred things, and we all laugh it off, as a capital joke.

Father is what grown people call "fastidious," what children style "very perickelar." Many a time, I've seen him leave his breakfast untasted, only because a simple little fly, wishing a warm bath, chose father's coffee-cup as a suitable place for that performance.

But when Tommy, from the farther end of the table, sent his inseparable companion, a rubber doll, with great violence, from his own mouth, plum into father's cup, splashing his linen and hands with hot coffee, father only

laughed, and cried—"Bravo!" as he tossed it back to baby, and declared his coffee to be "all the sweeter," when mother passed another cup.

I remember that breakfast time so well, because father was telling us a pitiful story about a college friend of his. He had just reached the very saddest part, and was evidently much affected, when there came a crash, a clatter, loud peals of laughter, and far above the din, such jubilant crows of delight from Tommy.

This time he had only upset the spoon stand, which brought down the cream pot, and then as Ella stooped to restore the scattered silver, fastening both hands into her curls, and balancing himself upon his little toes, was tugging away most unmercifully. Father forgot his story, and joined in the general laugh, and dear little Nell, when rescued from Tom's clutches, smiled bravely through her tears.

I asked father why Tommy was so indulged; but he only laughed, and said—"Oh, he is the autocrat of our breakfast table;" though I could not see that that explained the matter.

Before Tommy was six months old he had

shattered a pier-glass, broken off a solitary blossom from mother's century-plant, and scalded a pet poodle, besides giving us on an average one good fright daily by his own recklessness.

As he grew older, he did but grow worse. Mother says that good old Dr. Watts taught that children *should* be inquisitive; that youthful curiosity ought to be encouraged. She talks of Sir Isaac Newton, Columbus, and other great discoverers, and hopes Tom may be of use in the world.

This is when Tom is safe abed, or, as she thinks, well occupied. But when she finds that he has been employed in making inky seas on the back of some rare engraving—when she beholds her bust of Clytae hanging from the bell-rope, and Tommy at work on her grand piano with his little hammer, Sir Isaac Newton, Columbus, and the comfort they affording seem distant and unsatisfactory, while Tom and his mischief are near and provoking.

Then his excuse that Clytae is Jane, who is "awful bad," hung in effigy, and that he is only hammering "to see where the music comes from," does not amuse mother or me as it does Grandma Wilson, who delights in all Tom's antics, saying, they "show he is of a practical turn, and a thorough Wilson." (Mother's father was an artist, and art holds a low place in Grandma Wilson's estimation.)

Tommy will have a reason for everything, and is by no means content with an explanation merely verbal. Why must the great hall clock be wound, and what good does the pendulum do?

Then comes a morning when no alarm is sounded by our faithful timepiece, to waken the servants, and we all sleep on until the sun is so high that we wake and dress in haste, and cannot catch the lost hours all through the day. Of course, a search reveals the pendulum under Tommy's bed.

We should give our number to the census collector as seven, but so much mischief is done in the house, to which no one will confess, that we have to lay it at the door of an imaginary foe, whom we style "Number Eight." I begin to learn, however, that "Number Eight" is usually another name for Master Tommy. He is a riddle, and we've few rules by which to read him; only sure that he will appear whenever he is least expected, discover all that we would keep from him, and speak whenever he had best be silent. He despises sham, and has no concealments.

"Don't my muvver look putty, wif her hair

curled that way?" he asks, at a dinner party. "We fought she'd be the beautifulest woman here, 'n so she is." Then later—"I knowed ther wor cump'ny cummin, coz Jane brag out all the silver, 'n the pantry door was locked, so's I couldn't git in. Some silver aint silver—it's plated; I've sawn 'em do it; it's jest as easy, 'n you can't tell 'em apart, 'n I don't know as any of ourn's real. What makes yer look at me so for, Helun?" he asks, when I try to check him. "I aint er sayin' nothin'. I *didn't* tell 'em you tared yer gown runnin' down stairs, 'n didn't hev time ter change it."

Mother says she would never allow the child to see guests, but that he must *learn* good manners.

"Ask the little girl to come again to see you, my son; she is a dear little playmate, isn't she?" said mother, before we had learned how like leaning upon a broken reed is trusting Tom's politeness.

"No *mun*," answered he, stoutly; "she's behaved herself *poorly*; I'm real disgustin' at her; 'n I druther go ter see her, coz she's got ripe peaches t' her house."

"Tommy, dear, this is Mr. Goodhue; he has little boys at home."

"Yes," Tom answers, gravely. "I've sawn 'em; they sit befront us et church, 'n tumble off crickets prayer times. You said once they needed a whippin'."

In the country, at Grandma Wilson's, Tom is even worse than at home. We find him on high, solitary beams in the barn, with no visible means of getting down; he is caught in the boughs of trees; he is rolling off the wood-shed roof; he is tumbling into the river; he is pulled about the pig-sty, firmly grasping some stout squealer's tail; he is poking sticks at the fierce watch-dog; continually in danger, yet never really hurt.

I wonder if Tom's guardian angel ever feels tried or perplexed?

There stood by grandma's door, when Tommy was there last, a large molasses cask, rust drained of its contents, with the exception of an inch or two of what we children call molasses sugar. The ground at the rear of the house slopes away gently for several feet down to the river.

One day, Maxwell and Sydney were wrestling, leaping, and racing about, when they suddenly knocked the cask over, and sent it rolling down hill. "Catch it, Syd!" shouted Max, "I'll be floating down stream in a minute;" but of course Sydney could not catch it, after it was fairly set in motion.

It rolled faster and faster, but just as it reached the river, struck a willow bough, and was suddenly brought upright once more just on the water's brink.

We all ran down to the rescue, and what should we find peeping out of the cask, but two well-known tiny gaiter boots.

"Why, Tommy!" we cried, not knowing whether to laugh or cry. "Are you hurt, darling?"

"Oh," said a smothered voice, "then I aint drowned, nor sailin' out ter sea. I'll be took out, all 'cept my curls, 'n they *wont* come. I've tried 'em, 'n the' stuck fast."

Tommy came out, curls and all, safe and sound, as usual; but he did look funny, with a crown of damp sugar upon his head and molasses streaking his *sweet* little face.

"Weren't you frightened, Tom Thumb?" I asked, as I led him to the house.

"Pher! No. I fought I's goin' out ter sea, 'n I wisht I worn't on my head, coz I couldn't see the whales, 'n Ingy, 'n Uncle John; but I was so shook, 'n my curls pulled the tears inter my eyes, when I tried ter turn over."

We have an uncle at Calcutta, and Tommy thinks going to sea, is going to him.

One night, at grandma's, when Tommy was very tired, he refused at bedtime to say his evening prayer, declaring he had been so good, he had "nothin' to pray for."

I told him that at the close of the best day, all need to ask for pardon; that his goodness might be only lack of temptation; and that he certainly should not forget to pray for mother, in her loneliness at home, with no little son to pet.

After some persuasion, Tommy knelt, and said—"Our Father, I've been real good ter day; but Helun says I ought ter be forgiven; so please forgive the miffish I might hev done, but couldn't. Forgive us all, 'specially Helun, for bein' so cross ter her little bruvver, 'n not lettin' him play with her paints this mornin' (Here the great sleepy eyes rolled open, and fixed a reproachful look upon me.) Forgive all our naughty yesterdays, and make us good for every to-morrow. Bless my dee-er muvver, wif no boy to kiss her. That's all, to-night."

If Tommy's prayers sound irreverent or self-righteous, he does not mean to be so, and they are at least sincere. If he prays more earnestly for the recovery of a lost toy than for pardon for sin; if he confesses virtues as freely as faults, perhaps such petitions are as acceptable to Him who made the childish

heart, as those penitential formulas which are so often but lip service. Some day we hope Tommy will understand these things better.

He has a great desire to "trade," but now is obliged to close each bargain with the proviso, "If my muvver is willin';" for Tom went out one day, radiant in the glory of a lovely new cap, and taking with him a fairy balloon and a rocking-horse of his own height. Soon he was home, with all these treasures gone forever, and happy in possessing in their stead a much battered old beaver hat, which covered his head and neck like an extinguisher.

What may be Tom's future, we cannot guess. If the child is father of the man, it seems probable that he will be "an active member of society." Whether or no his name ever rings through the land with honor, we hope he may be the "noblest work of God"—an honest, a good man.

NO NIGHT.

BY N. F. H.

Night has ever been symbolic of the darker phases of life. We speak of the day of prosperity, when the sunlight of joy illumines the heart, and the unclouded sky betokens happiness; but when that sunlight fades, and the shadow falls, we call it the night of sorrow. Night is ever associated with gloom, and often, evil doing. When the glorious colorings of the sunlight have faded out, and the dusky twilight is succeeded by deeper darkness, then crime and vice walk abroad upon the land. But there is a place where night never comes. No need of stars, for they would dim, as does the silver moon before the brighter light of the king of day. The light of God's smile, with which all Heaven is lit, eclipses all earthly brightness. Many a weary heart in this world has known nothing but night, illumined only by the little light of hope. Ah! when they cross the river, they will find the dawn of an eternal day. That little taper-light of hope will kindle into the bright effulgence of blissful realization. Have you never spent a long, weary night, worn by haunting dreams, tormented by shadows ever fitting before you—shadows of some past joy—when the heavens above were starless, and the heart within joyless, and some deep sorrow was resting on the spirit? How longingly, then, have you waited for daylight; when the young goddess, clad in her rosy morning robe, and crowned with a star, rises from her bed of shadows in the Orient, and sends her golden arrows of light

broadcast over the earth. Oh, how the shadows fly! How much lighter the heart seems to beat in the daylight, and how we welcome her coming! Life is often to the Christian a night of anxious waiting for the dawn of eternity. There is so much which seems to us dark and inexplicable in this world—so many mysteries and sorrows, that we can hardly see our way. It is like groping through a blind entry, with a door between us and daylight. If we possess the key which unlocks that door,

we shall come at last to the light. And what a morning it will be for the soul! Ye whose path through life is dark with perplexity and gloom; ye who are bowed by grief, be patient, pray through this world-night, and wait and watch for the day of eternity—the day that dawns in Heaven.

"And there shall be *no night* there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light; and they shall reign forever and ever."

AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY C.

Unlike the history of the old world, American history has not the charm of classical or romantic associations, and it bends itself with difficulty to the purposes of poetry and fiction; but in ethical instruction, and in moral dignity, it has no equal.

The study of the history of most other nations, fills the mind with sentiments like those the American traveller feels on entering the venerable and lofty cathedral of some proud old city of Europe. Its solemn grandeur, its vastness and its obscurity, strike awe to the heart. From the richly painted windows, filled with emblems and strange antique forms, a dim religious light falls around. A thousand recollections of romance, and poetry, and legendary story, come thronging into the mind, surrounded by the tombs of the mighty dead, rich with the labors of ancient art, and emblazoned with the pomp of heraldry. There one can read the names of princes and nobles, who are now remembered only for their vices; and of sovereigns, at whose death no tears were shed, and whose memories lived not an hour in the affections of their people. And other names may be read, long familiar for their guilty or doubtful fame. There rest the orator, who was ever the ready apologist of tyranny; great scholars, who were the pensioned flatterers of power; and poets, who profaned the high gift of genius, to pamper the vices of a corrupted court.

American history, on the contrary, like that poetical temple of Fame, reared by the imagination of Chaucer, and decorated by the taste of Pope, is almost exclusively dedicated to the memory of the truly great. No idle ornament encumbers its bold simplicity, but the pure light of heaven enters from above, and sheds an equal and serene radiance around.

As the eye views its extent, it beholds the unadorned monuments of brave and good men, who have bled or toiled for their country; or it rests on votive tablets, inscribed with the names of the benefactors of mankind.

The spirit of a free people should be formed, and animated, and cheered, out of the storehouse of its own historic recollections. We need not go back to read, in obscure texts of Greek and Latin, examples of patriotic virtue. We can find them nearer home, in our own country, and on our own soil; strains of the noblest sentiment that ever animated mankind are breathing to us out of every page of our country's history, in the native eloquence of our mother tongue. The colonial and provincial councils of America, to say nothing of statesmen of a more recent period, exhibit to us models of the spirit and character which gave to Greece and Rome their name and praise among the nations. And may American statesmen never degenerate nor act from motives any less pure and noble than did their fathers. We should seek our great practical lessons of patriotism at home, from the exploits and sacrifices of our own countrymen, from our high-souled and unaffected citizen heroes, who left happy firesides for cheerless camps; with pacific habits they dared the perils of the field. There is no mystery, no romance, no madness, under the name of chivalry, about them, but resolute, manly resistance for conscience and liberty's sake, and from a love of peace and order. And may all that has been endured and suffered in the cause of liberty be recorded for the benefit of those who are yet to rule this great nation, the destiny of which will be noble and exalted, in proportion as truth and justice reign in the individuals who compose it.

CURIOUS THINGS ABOUT BIRDS.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

I.—THE SENSES.

The rapacious birds are remarkable for their length of sight. A hawk has been known to distinguish a lark, colored like the clod on which it was sitting, at twenty times the distance at which it could be distinguished by a man. Those which, like the swallow, capture insects on the wing, are remarkable for quickness of sight, accomplishing the feat without failure while flying at the rate of three miles in a minute.

The sense of smell is not highly developed in birds; in the crows and vultures, the sense is acute, though some naturalists believe that even these birds become cognizant of their food more by sight than by smell.

The sense of hearing is tolerably acute, and some of the nocturnal birds have external cartilaginous ears.

The tongues of birds are employed to obtain food, and, except in a few species, do not appear to serve as an organ of taste.

The sense of touch seems to be generally obtuse; but in such birds as search in the mud for their food, where neither sight nor smell can guide them, the bill is covered with a skin abundantly supplied with the nerves of sensation, which aid them to find sustenance.

II.—THE BLACK UNDER-SHIRTS.

The small order of birds which winter with us, no matter what the color of their feathers, have a coating of black down next to their bodies. Black is the warmest color; and the Creator has given them this inner covering to keep in the heat arising from the heart and circulation of the blood. This provision is not found in large birds; small birds are more exposed to the cold than large ones, because they present, in proportion to their bulk, a much larger surface to the air.

III.—EACH BIRD HIS OWN BARBER.

Each bird is its own barber. Its bill serves for brush and comb; the limpid brook serves for a looking-glass, if that is a requisite. It carries its hair oil with it. On each side of the rump of birds, is a small protuberance, filled with a butter-like substance, which the bird extracts by pinching with the bill. With this oil or ointment, it dresses its coat.

IV.—BIRDS AS BAROMETERS.

The "weather-wise" set much store upon "bird indications." We subjoin some of these signs, with the reasons given:—

When swallows fly low, wet weather may be expected; because the insects which the swallows pursue in their flight, are flying low, to escape the moisture in the upper regions of the atmosphere.

When ducks and geese dash water over their backs, it is a sign of approaching rain; because they are wetting the outer coat of feathers, to prevent the drops of rain from penetrating to their bodies through the open and dry feathers.

The screaming of owls in foul weather, indicates a sudden change to fine weather; because the birds are pleasurably excited by a favorable change in the atmosphere.

If birds cease to sing, wet weather may be expected; because they are depressed by symptoms of an unfavorable change.

A magpie, when seen alone, foretells bad weather; because the mate has remained in the nest, to take especial care of the young.

V.—THEIR HABITS—SPECIFIC AND SINGULAR.

The swan floats upon the placid lake. The tringa darts into the foam of the cataract. The water blackbird plunges to the bottom of the river, lingering there like the diver in his submarine armor, and coming up without a wet feather. The more terrific the storm at sea, the more jubilant and noisy are the mews and gulls. The pelican carries its canteen of fresh water with it over the arid plains. The frigate bird mounts into the clouds, and is borne along with the upper currents over the wastes of the ocean. The mew will make an excursion of two hundred miles to sea, and return the same evening. The honey guide shows the native where the honey is secreted, and insists upon a share of the same. The woodpecker drums the insects out of their retreats, and seizes them with his slender tongue. The butcher-bird catches beetles and grasshoppers, sticks them upon thorns, and takes a full meal at leisure.

The male stork returns first to the old haunts, and finding the nest in good order, goes back and brings his mate. The bittern is a sullen, melancholy hermit. He sits moping

all day upon a tree-shattered pillar, and makes night hideous with his dismal booming. The ostrich lays thirty eggs, weighing three pounds each, but only hatches out about a dozen. The old birds break up the other eggs, to feed the young ones with. The female broods on the eggs by day, and the male at night. When they leave the nest for awhile, they cover up the eggs with hot sand. Handsomely carved drinking-cups are sometimes made out of the egg-shells.

Some birds have beaks like a hatchet, to open the shells on the sea-shore; others have oar-like feet, which expand and contract, for sailing on the water; others, again, stalk through the mud and water on stilts. The male bird can be distinguished from the female by the greater beauty of his plumage. In birds of prey, the female is larger than the male. In birds of song, the notes of the male are more melodious. In some races, the summer garb differs from that worn in winter.

VI.—THE POLITICIANS.

Such birds as the crows, rooks, pelicans, &c., unite in societies, and form governments. Crows of a certain species, build cities, have street and police regulations, discuss local issues with the noise and garrulousness common to politicians, and perhaps arrive at conclusions equally as sage. Like the Chinese, they are enemies to foreigners and hospitality. They raise armies, and battle in defence of their liberties.

The grossbeaks afford a striking example of republicanism. Eight or nine hundred families have been known to build their aerial city in one huge tree. Each has his individual apartment; yet all seems like one vast nest, and is covered with a roof, rising above the summit of the tree. They have no senates, chiefs, nor distinctions. Each one is free, answers for himself, and behaves like a gentleman.

VII.—THE MILITARY TACTICIANS.

The storks, cranes and flamingoes, form themselves into warlike phalanxes. They deploy skirmishers on the march, post pickets around their camps at night, and obey their chiefs. They move by the flank, answer to their bugle call, and cover a retreat admirably. The flamingo will fight to the death by the colors streaming over her nest.

VIII.—THE SCAVENGERS.

The vultures and buzzards are the scavengers of the country they inhabit. They abound

in sultry climates and in marshy regions, where a rank luxuriance of organic life strews decaying vegetation and carcasses on every side. At Carthage, in South America, they inhabit the roofs of the houses, walk the streets, and cleanse the city of putrefaction.

The jackdaw of the Phillipine islands, and the secretary, devour the serpents of the Cape of Good Hope. Swans descend in flocks upon the marshes of Holland, and devour the seeds of miasm. The gnat-snappers destroy the millions of gnats that infest the torrid zone, and the swallows devour the flies and insects of our own country. The cranes feed on the toads in the marshes, and the herons on the serpents on the plains of Africa. When the waters of the Nile subside, the humid banks are covered with reptiles. Then from the shores of Greece and the Red Sea, directed by the Providence of God, come long lines of pelicans, cranes and aboumas, to eat up the carcasses which in putrefying would spread far and wide the seeds of disease and death.

IX.—THE MAIL CARRIERS.

The carrier pigeons are trained to carry letters, which are tied around the upper part of the bird's leg or around its neck. The mode of training them is carried to the greatest perfection in Turkey. After being matured, they are taken a mile or two from home, in a covered basket, and set at liberty. On their return home, they are taken a greater distance, and such distances progressively increased, until they return with certainty and dispatch from the remotest parts of the kingdom. In ancient times, these couriers of the air brought tidings of the movements of contending armies. Anacreon's dove was employed on a more gentle mission; and the news of victory won at the Olympic games were transmitted, on the same day on which it was achieved, by these feathered messengers. During the crusade of St. Louis, they were employed; and Tasso presses them into service in his poem on the siege of Jerusalem. The ordinary rate of flight of carrier pigeons is not generally held to exceed thirty miles an hour. On the 24th of June, 1833, twenty-four birds, which had been conveyed from Ghent, were thrown up at Rouen, at fifty-five minutes past nine o'clock in the morning. The distance between the cities is one hundred and fifty miles. The first pigeon arrived at Ghent in one hour and a half; sixteen came in within two hours and a half; three during the day, and the other four not at all. The passenger pigeon is smaller,

abounds in immense flocks in this country, and is said to fly at the rate of a mile a minute.

X.—THE FAMILY OF THIEVES.

The large raven (*corvus corax*) is the most unprincipled of hypocrites. He is bold and impudent, and marches about premises as if he owned them, and intended to suggest some improvements. He will steal every glittering object he can carry off. The common crow and the red-legged crow have the same propensity to steal. The latter have been known to carry off lighted pieces of wood from the fire, much endangering haystack and barn. The jackdaw is another cunning and observant thief, hiding his booty in old towers and castles. The magpie is equally as notorious, but being a great "chatterbox," is more likely to reveal the depository of his treasures.

XI.—BETTER EMPLOYED.

The ostrich carries the negro on his back over the sandy deserts, at a more than John Gilpin pace. The falcon is trained to perch on the shoulder of its mistress, pick at her red lips, and swoop through the air to bring down the game. The cormorant of China dives for fish, catches them, and brings them to the boat of its master. The agami, with its changeable neck of green and gold, tends the sheep for the South American Indian. The hoopoe brings the newspaper to its master, and retires with a comical shrug of the shoulders in lieu of a bow.

XII.—MIGRATING.

The *Passerinæ*, or migratory birds, make an annual journey towards the southern regions, as Italy, Sicily, and Africa. Most of them perform this journey by night; some in small companies, others in great armies. Some observe system and precision, flying either in angular lines or in the form of a long triangle; others go in a sort of rabble. The autumn migration commences in the latter part of August, and continues two months; that of the Spring begins in March, and ends in May. In many of the races, the male birds come a fortnight before the female, and many birds return to their old haunts year after year. In some classes of birds, only the females migrate. German naturalists have observed that while the male chaffinch always remains in Suabia during the winter, the female wanders along the Rhine.

The epoch of the arrival of the birds is in harmony with the maturing of those fruits on which each class feeds. The jay and turtle are

seen in Greece just when the fruits they love yield delicious nutriment. The pies and fly-catchers alight upon the isles of the Levant when the insects threaten to destroy the harvest; and the wood-pigeon divines the time when the farmer is casting his seeds into the furrows. Obeying the intimation of Providence, birds execute their great voyages at the return of the equinoxes, as if the aerial currents which then prevail in much force in the direction of their migration, were simply established for their accommodation.

XIII.—HISTORICAL—TRADITIONAL—SUPERSTITIONAL.

We are told in history that geese saved the Capitol of ancient Rome, by giving notice of the approach of the enemy.

Peacocks were cherished by the Greeks and Romans on account of their beauty.

Plutarch states that when Quintus Flaminus restored liberty to Greece by proclamation, the force of the shouts of applause that went up, so rent the air, that some ravens, which had been hovering over the vast assembly, fell dead to the earth.

Cæsar compared the crested larks to his enemies, the soldiers of the Gauls, who wore casques and short dresses, and were always erect, hardy, sprightly.

The *Vultur Papa* is called the "king of vultures," from the popular belief that no others of the species ever disturb it when feeding.

The natives of New Guinea, who made a trade of selling the birds of Paradise, often cut off the feet of such birds; hence it was for a long time believed that they had no feet.

It was the golden pheasant which, in the mythological ages, was never seen except in a few instances when flying. Its rareness and extraordinary beauty gave rise to the fabled phoenix.

Tradition tells of children having been carried off by the vultures, and it is supposed that the fable of Ganymede being carried off from among the shepherds by the eagle Jupiter, had its origin in some exaggerated exploit of this kind. There is no doubt, however, that the *bird of Jove* so often sung of by the ancients, was the bearded vulture, or belonged to the same species.

The dwarf, or little horned owl, is supposed to be the *parra* spoken of in the Odes of Horace. In Switzerland it is called the death-bird, or herald of death, from its mournful wail, which sounds somewhat like "death,

death!" The veiled or hooded owl is the *strix* of the ancients. It was believed to possess the power of charming children.

The ibis is celebrated on account of the religious worship it received from the Egyptians. It was reared in their ancient temples, and embalmed after its death. It was considered the emblem of innocence, and anybody killing one of these birds, either by accident or design, was severely punished.

The pelican has been represented as the emblem of maternal love. It was believed that it opened its breast to nourish its young with its own blood. This is fabulous; it only disgorges the fish it has brought in its large pouch for its young.

The singing swan is a native of the far north; seldom coming to Middle Europe. Its voice is plaintive and musical, and said only to be heard when it is dying. The poets have found a fine figure in this tradition.

The cranes make a great noise when flying, and direct their flight by screaming, often heard in the clouds when the birds themselves are unseen. From this arose the wonderful tale of "Arthur's Wild Chase."

The turtledoves are very gentle towards each other, and are easily tamed. Superstitious persons keep them caged in their bedrooms, imagining that these birds have the power of averting or transferring diseases.

The petrels seemingly walk on the water, and received their name from the miracle of the Apostle Peter walking on the Lake of Genesareth. Their bodies are so fat, that the inhabitants of the Feroe Islands draw a wick through them and burn them like candles.

The goatsucker frequents the fields and stables where goats and cows are kept, and is accused of sucking the milk of those animals.

It is said that the humming-birds never alight on the ground, except to drink. The ancient Mexicans worked their feathers in pictures and various other ornamental articles. "The lustres of the topaz, emerald, and ruby," "beams of the sun," "locks of the star of day," "the hue of roses steeped in liquid fire," are expressions that have been used to describe the "gorgeous plumery" of these birds. The ladies of the Antilles wear the crested humming-birds as ornaments in their ear-rings.

The German farmers say that the call of the quail is "Bück den Rück," or "bend the back." An old schoolmaster once told his scholars that the cry of the quail was "*dic cur dic*," the Latin for "Say, why are you here?" being an intimation that the boys had better be at

school than hunting quails. In America the boys say the cry is "Bob White," and take great pleasure in imitating it. In the Bible, may be found an interesting account of how these birds served the Israelites for food while journeying in the desert. The ancient Greeks reared these birds, just as our modern Greeks rear game-cocks—for the pleasure of seeing them fight.

LITTLE SUSIE.

A Dirge of Western Land.

BY J. QUINCY A. WOOD.

From the great unquiet city,
Where the dying long for rest,
Passed the soul of little Susie
To the Aden of the blest.
No serene or radiant morrow
Shall, for us, a lustre borrow
Like to that her sweet eyes gave,
For, serenely,
Sleeps she queenly
By the margin of the wave;
And she never more shall waken,
For the morning boughs are shaken
By the breezes o'er her grave.

Still the proud, unquiet city,
Clamors in its harsh unrest,
Never dreaming that it lately
Parted with so sweet a guest;
Only we are broken-hearted,
Grieving o'er the dear departed,
Loving sorrow could not save;
For, serenely,
Sleeps she queenly
By the margin of the wave,
And the myrtle's purple blossom
Lowly blooms above her bosom
Where she lieth in the grave.

Fairer than the springing lily—
Lilies that by Nilus blow,
Was our Susie—our own Susie,
Whom the loving angels know;
They have borne her home securely,
And these flowing tears may surely
Sinless fall, her dust to lave,
Where, serenely,
Sleeps she queenly
By the margin of the wave;
And the evening, zephyr-laden
Wandering from the starry Aden,
Sheds its sweetness on her grave.

There is no better test of friendship than the ready turning of the mind to the little concerns of a friend when preoccupied with important concerns of our own.

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PAULINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WATCHING AND WAITING."

Bryan sat down in the vacant chair by her side, and waited patiently until she had finished her criticism; but instead of turning her face towards him, as he had looked for her to do, she leaned her head against the casement, and watched the drifting splendor of the clouds, in temporary forgetfulness of his presence.

"Pauline, look at me!"

She turned in surprise, at the passionate, peremptory tone, fixing her eyes in calm inquiry on his flushed, fervid face—not the faintest ripple of rising color in her cheek—not the slightest tremor in her manner, to betray her consciousness of the meaning of his ardent, intense look. Was the girl perfectly insensible, then? or, was she determined to understand and respond to nothing that was not put in the plainest Saxon? The man who had made so many lying confessions of love without the use of a word, and seen them received with blushing, trembling delight, was here thoroughly baffled. He began more and more to doubt that she cared for him, and more and more to believe that he cared for her.

"Can you not see that I love you?" he broke forth, impetuously, seizing her hands in a passionate clasp. "If I had not learned the truth before, these past weeks would have taught me that I cannot live without you," was added, in a softer tone.

He felt the hand in his tremble violently—saw the partially averted face crimson, and then grow deathly white, and his heart—interpreting those as love signs—sank suddenly in his bosom. He had actually committed himself at last!—had spoken words that honor would never permit him to recall. A minute before, when he had felt doubtful of winning her, no terms had seemed too strong to express his love; but now, with the coveted prize almost within his grasp, he wondered at his eagerness, and he wished, vaguely, that he had not spoken so rashly and hotly. Perhaps, with these thoughts flashing like lightning through his mind, he might have relaxed a little his hold upon her hand; he could not tell; but he felt it coldly withdrawn, and the face over which he was certain he had seen the shadow of such strong emotion sweep, was turned to him without a visible trace of agitation.

"Those are very serious words to speak, Mr. Bryan," she said, in calm, even tones. "Are you quite certain of their truth?"

He looked at her amazed. Had he been dreaming? Was the trembling hand—the flushed and paling cheek, a mere fancy? Her cool breath blew the white ashes of indifference from the smouldering fire in his heart, and it sprang suddenly again into flame—"You reason so coldly," he said, passionately. "Would I speak such words, if I were not certain of their truth? I love you, Pauline Dudley—I love you."

And with his momentary doubt and hesitation swept quite away by her coldness, George Bryan did honestly believe that he spoke the truth. That he did not, who can swear? Not I.

And Pauline, fluttering absently the leaves of the book that lay on her lap, looked meditatively out of the window, in seeming unconsciousness of the burning, impatient eyes fastened upon her face.

"Speak!" he cried, at last, tried beyond endurance by her irresponsive manner. "Answer me, by word or sign."

"What shall I say, Mr. Bryan?" she asked, with a mock, obedient air.

"Say that you love me."

"I have been debating whether I could say so with perfect truth," she answered, frankly.

"It is so pleasant to be loved, that we women frequently mistake the glow of gratitude for a warmer sentiment, and make vows which love—the treacherous defaulter—afterwards refuses to pay, flinging upon Duty and Honor a wearisome, life-long burden. Whether the feeling which this moment sways me towards you be merely a sympathetic echo of that which your words express—a stirring of that natural desire of the human heart to love and to be loved—or whether it is the wakening thrill of an affection of which I have hitherto been unconscious, I cannot tell without more time for thought and self-examination than you have granted me."

"Why not be satisfied to trust the impulse that moves you to give yourself to me, without this troublesome inquiry respecting its source. Must you pluck in pieces and analyze every fine and tender feeling of your heart before you dare act upon it? You crush out

its life in the very process; you can act naturally and truthfully only as you act spontaneously. There is no need that you should lay your heart under the dissecting knife before you answer me. If you love me, every nerve and pulse of your being attests the truth. You feel irresistibly drawn towards me; every thought, and wish, and hope, and interest of your life wishes to meet and mingle with the thoughts, wishes, hopes, and interests of mine.

"Then I do not love you," Pauline said. "The force which draws me towards you is not stronger than that which draws me away. If I think to yield to your claim, an unseen power restrains me. It may be the hand of Destiny; it may be the love that is to crown my life is not yet come."

"Ha! your ambition is not satisfied," Bryan said, with quick jealousy and evident chagrin. If the truth be told, he had thought he was conferring no small honor on the young lady by the confession of his love. "You have set your heart on genius, on splendid attainments, on personal grace and accomplishments, on countless riches, or powerful influence, or perhaps on a combination of all these things," he added, with curling lip.

"No, Mr. Bryan. I have set my heart on nothing but love. The man I shall choose may be lacking in all the qualities you enumerate, may be in every respect inferior to yourself—a very common man in the estimation of all others, perhaps; but in my eyes, most assuredly, he will be a hero and a king. The excellency of love is, that it can discover a thousand virtues where indifference is unable to distinguish one. If you will know of the nobility of earth, turn an open ear to the discourse of loving wives. Of the plain, ordinary men, whom you have passed as hardly worth your notice, you shall hear that which will strike you dumb with amazement, and make you evermore doubtful of your power of penetration and gift of discernment. You would never have suspected such nobility of character under so unremarkable and insignificant an exterior; so fine a sense of honor, such inflexible principles of justice, such depth of feeling, such deeds of heroism, you would never have dreamed of in such subjects, before their affectionate students revealed them to you. So, the man I shall love may be a boor in your eyes, but in mine he shall be a god—when he comes."

"He has come, Pauline—believe that he has come."

"No; it is a delusion, Mr. Bryan. The trouble of these last days has drawn us very

close together. I have drank of your cup of sorrow, have walked in the shadow of your bereavement, have felt the throes of your anguish, and borne the burden of your loss. Months of ordinary intercourse would never have brought our hearts into such close bonds of sympathy as this common grief has done. But sympathy is not love. And here is your mistake, I think. Some day you may thank me that I did not take advantage of it."

"Cease, I entreat you," Bryan cried, in passionate tones. "Do I not know my own heart?"

"Perhaps not so well but you may sometime know it better. Think, now, if our lives had run smoothly and evenly, as in the first months of our acquaintance—if we had not passed under this dark cloud of affliction, would you have spoken to me ever as you have done to-night?"

He winced a little, and a hot flush stole into his face, which the gathering darkness hid from her view.

"Perhaps I might not have spoken now," he said. "Under other circumstances, I might not have come so early to a true understanding of my feelings towards you. But sooner or later, I must have spoken the very words that I speak to-night—I love you, Pauline—with all my heart and soul, I love you!"

Her face, turned towards the declining light, showed to his eyes a look of incredulity that maddened him. He flung aside the hand he had taken a moment before, and rising, walked rapidly up and down the floor. Her doubts only strengthened his convictions. Her indifference and hesitancy only increased his passion.

"Such scepticism is more than I can patiently endure," he said, pausing in his walk, and standing before her with knit brows and compressed lips. "What possible motive could I have to deceive you?"

"None that I could think you guilty of at this time," was the low answer. "After we have passed through the awful agony by which we are made kin to angels, it is not so easy to cherish a wrong motive, or do an evil deed. The thought that eyes, which in this world, perhaps, never saw us as we are, may now be reading our inmost hearts, checks, at least for a while, the rising motions of sin. I have not charged you, even in thought, with the wish to deceive me. But it is quite possible that you may be self-deceived."

"Not in this matter, Pauline. If she, who in this world would have smiled upon our love,

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can now behold me, she knows that I have spoken my soul's sincerest truth to-night. Let time prove me. Since you cannot say that you love me, I will accept no final answer now. I can wait."

A tap at the door interrupted the conversation at this juncture. Louise, who since her discovery that Bryan and Pauline were alone in the library, had been flitting uneasily up and down the hall, saw, at last, an excuse for breaking in upon their tête-à-tête.

Out on the front piazza they could see the full moon coming up, and hear from the Beech Woods, a choir of five hundred voices singing, "Climbing up Zion's Hill." Wouldn't they come?

CHAPTER X.—HOW ONE SOUL WAS CONVERTED.

In a moment, they stood in the midst of the group gathered upon the piazza, listening to the words that floated distinctly to their ears across the level stretch of meadow which touched, a half mile distant, the borders of the wood where for some days a religious meeting had been in session. As the strains died upon the air, some one proposed a moonlight walk across the fields to hear the evening discourse, and see the picturesque effects of the vast audience room, lit up by the fires that already began to glow and send up showers of sparks above the dusky gloom of the woods. Several of the party assenting to the proposition, walking-dresses and boots were speedily donned, and across the dry stubble of the meadow, startling an army of grasshoppers from their snug night quarters, a dozen pairs of feet were presently marching in the direction of the wood, which, from the distance, seemed like a cloud hanging low in the horizon, flashing with continuous lightning, and muttering with incessant thunder. Coming upon the ground by a side entrance, less crowded than the main, the scene which suddenly greeted the eyes of our friends looked so wild and unreal that they drew involuntarily nearer each other, as if to ascertain, by the touch of living human hands, that they were in the actual world, and possessed of all their faculties, and not irrational wanderers in the fantastic realm of dreams.

The high, altar-like fires blazing all around the encampment, brought out in vivid light the leafy arches and stately pillars of the temple, the sweeping semicircle of white tents, the lofty, tree-embowered pulpit at the opening, with its conspicuous group of earnest faces, and the vast concourse of people beneath, swaying and surging to and fro with the un-

quiet life and the hoarse murmur of the ocean, before an approaching storm. And beyond the snowy embankment of the tents, and beyond the gray tower of the pulpit, and beyond the darting tongues of light, legions and legions of restless shadows, stealing, stealing—flitting, flitting—hurrying up and down with wild gesticulations, seeming, to the excited fancy, like an army of uncanny spirits—like the phantoms of the Philistines closing around the camp of Israel, with its loosely guarded Ark of the Covenant of God.

Our party of new-comers, pressing their way into the light, were presently swallowed up in the many-colored sea that rolled and tossed between the white shores of the tents, and drifting with the waves, were washed at last against the trunk of a giant tree, where they made a resolute stand, resisting firmly the steadily moving current which, unable to force them from their position, parted and swept around them. Here, until the services begun, they occupied themselves with the study of the group of heads that rose in the full blaze of the swinging lamps above the breastwork of the formidable pulpit, that looked as if built as a tower of defence against those evil phantom shapes lurking in the background.

"What might have been the chosen avocation of each of these men before he felt himself called to his present high mission?" asked one, with a speculative turn of mind.

"This one at the right, I fancy, if he followed the bent of his genius, must have been an actor of low comedy," George said. "You see the airs and tricks of the buffoon sticking to him yet, and his discourses are undoubtedly seasoned with the droll humor that once made him popular in quite a different sphere from that he now occupies."

"But in all his dealings with men, I will warrant him every inch a Christian," said another. "I think he has more treasure in Heaven than that grave, severe, spectacled man by his side, from whose towering top-head self-esteem looks over the tenantless field of the affections, and veneration slides down an inclined plane that presents little to venerate. He looks as if he could pass the heaviest sentence of the law on a fellow mortal without a softening word of mercy, or the faintest thrill of compassion. He might have been, or aspired to be, the judge of a petty court some day, before called to judge Israel."

"But, my dear Mrs. Raymond, you have quite overlooked the individual standing between the judge and our right hand man."

"What! that finical little fellow in a fancy cravat, with hair clustering in pretty rings on his vacant forehead, and with small white lady hands, of which he makes so constant and vain a display? A clerical fop! A creature too insignificant to excite even contempt. We will pass him, Mr. Wilson. He hasn't force enough to do much harm or good."

"Well, there is force for you in the central figure of the group. See the man's deep, magnetic eyes, and mark the nervous energy of every movement. If he speaks to-night, he will convert us, momentarily, against reason and conviction, to the principles of his faith. He has all the elements of a powerful stump orator, who, by the magnetism of eye and voice, can bring over to his side in twenty minutes, a crowd of unreflecting men, though ten to one may fall back to their original position as soon as his influence cools. What do you see in those other faces, Miss Dudley, that brings such a glow to yours, and bows your head with involuntary reverence?"

"The souls of pure, true, earnest Christian men, who have not mistaken their vocation—teachers and helpers in deed and in truth. Men, I think, who would not force their own convictions upon any one, desiring simply to lead souls to God, and caring little what they may afterwards denominate themselves, knowing that salvation rests not in names, or rituals, or creeds, but in the broad, tender, helpful, all-embracing Spirit of Christ, looking on the whole human race as one sacred brotherhood and living body, of which no single member can claim superiority over another."

"All honor to them," said Bryan, reverently, touching his hat. "For their sakes we will pardon the littleness and feebleness of these, their brethren, who, in the universal body, must have their use. But come, let us find seats; for, by the movement, I think the services will soon open."

The knot of clergymen, who had been conversing together, fell back to their seats, and he against whose persuasions Mr. Wilson had predicted his hearers would be unable to stand, came forward, and read, in a voice that penetrated throughout the camp—

"And are we wretches yet alive?
And do we yet rebel?
'Tis boundless, 'tis amazing love
That bears us up from hell."

And when the words had ceased to echo to the thunder of this hymn, he knelt down and prayed that all within hearing of his voice might be brought that night to repentance,

and to a knowledge of the atoning love and pardoning power of God. And again words and hills resounded to the words rolling from the tongues of the vast choir—

"Ye sinners seek His grace
Whose wrath ye cannot bear,
Fly to the shelter of His cross.
And find salvation there."

The discourse which followed from the text, "Repent, and be Converted," was as stirring as the fiery eloquence of the speaker could make it; yet in breadth and spirit it was little like that sermon, preached near two thousand years ago to a multitude who were, even as this multitude might have been, "astonished at such doctrine." It made no single duty of daily life plainer to any struggling soul; but it appealed powerfully to the fears of some, and in others called into active life a desire, which might have been always vaguely felt, to get closer to God—to have all doubt and perplexity removed by so clear and certain a manifestation of His power that it could never, in any troublous after-time, be questioned—to stand in His visible presence, to feel the sureness of His pardon, the vitalizing warmth of His love, the peace and blessedness of His protection. If all this could be obtained by taking a few steps forwards, by yielding to the influence of good men's prayers—who would resist?

When the old, old hymn of invitation—which I doubt not has led many a longing and repentant soul to the tender and merciful Jesus that it pictures—was sung that night with slow, distinct enunciation, and eyes turned expectantly towards the crowd, there was a stir and rustle in the great assembly, and down the leafy aisles drifted two lines of anxious, sorrowing, sad-faced penitents to the open gates of the altar in the shadow of the pulpit, where they were received with a shout like that of a besieging army at the surrender of the enemy. The curious crowd, pressing after with straining necks and gaping eyes was a sight pitiful to behold, though you and I had been a part and parcel of it. A large number, undoubtedly, were moved by sympathy and religious interest, but quite as many pushed and elbowed their way to a view of the scene from the same impulse that would have drawn them to witness the tricks of a juggler, a rope-dancer's performance, a puppet show, or a dog-fight. This may sound harsh, but if it be not truth, faces and actions lie.

The party from the Lodge rising from their feet, stood still on the ground they had occu-

pied during the sermon with the exception of Douglas, who, with muscles working more nervously even than usual, and with that strange, unpleasant glitter in his eye which with him always betokened some inward excitement, had moved forward with the throng, and was standing with hands clutching the railing that divided the seeking and the saved from the world of sinners without.

From their position they caught, occasionally through an opening in the swaying, uneasy crowd, a glimpse of some rigid form settling back in a swoon like death, or of a kneeling figure with clinched hands and streaming eyes, or of a face transfigured and illuminated with the great joy of new found salvation. Down in the midst of the agitated group, the most zealous and vehement of the preachers could be seen moving to and fro, with countenances glowing like reapers in the harvest-field, counting their abundant sheaves; now bending low to whisper some word of promise in the ear of the despondent, now pausing to tell some hapless wretch, writhing as if in bodily torment, how hard it is to die, and anon gripping the hands of the triumphant with blessings, congratulations, and ringing hallelujahs. But up above, with an added shade of seriousness on their thoughtful faces, stood their calm coworkers, looking down on the mad, stormy confusion below, with eyes in which lurked the shadow of grave, unspoken doubt and sadness.

Every moment the tumult was increasing, and the scene growing more wild and unearthly. Groans of agony, shouts of ecstasy, fragments of Scripture, broken words of self-accusation, despairing cries for help, exhortations to the fainting to lay hold of the promises, voices calling upon the Lord in the murmur of entreaty and the thunder of command, sounds of weeping and lamentation, hymns of triumph, and bursts of hysterical laughter that sent a shiver along the nerves, mingled together in indescribable confusion with the yells, and jeers, and snatches of profane and obscene songs that came from the very offscourings and filth of the earth, hanging upon the outskirts of the camp. And over all, those elfin shadows, which had been drawing closer and closer as the fires burned lower and lower, were dancing in wild glee, leaping, and darting, and swinging in the branches overhead, swooping down in a dark body upon the congregation, perching upon the summit of the ungainly pulpit, flapping their black wings in the convulsed faces below it, playing

at hide and seek here and there behind the trees, between the tents, among the people, and anon, as the fires flashed up in fitful blaze, shooting, with the swiftness of light, beyond the camp, to return in an instant, each with seven others more impish and fantastic than itself.

Suddenly, above the uproar, a maniac voice rang out clear and shrill, from the densest part of the crowd—"See the imps! See the devils! Hear their shrieks of fiendish laughter!" it cried. "They are clutching at our souls, and some are already struggling in their hold!"

The gentlemen of the Bryan party turned to each other, with quick significant glances. Amy, who had been leaning upon her brother, with tears streaming silently over her face, lifted her head with a look of vague terror, and two or three of the ladies who had sunk back to their seats, crying with childish abandon from pure nervous excitement, started to their feet, looking blankly in the faces of their companions.

"Where is Douglas?" some one asked, with an assumption of carelessness, which could not, however, conceal the significance of the question.

Bryan, to whom the inquiry seemed addressed, started forward without reply, penetrating the crowd at a point on which his eyes had been fixed since the beginning of the excitement.

Again that wild voice rose above the tumult—"Every soul to its post! Hell's legions are upon us! To battle! to battle! Charge, ye, in the power and name of the Lord! We will not quit this field until we have driven out the whole infernal troop, and can march forth victorious with *salvation* inscribed on our banners!"

A murmur ran through the congregation, followed soon by a triumphant shout. A man in the crowd had been suddenly converted.

"To lunacy," growled Mr. Wilson, in an undertone. But the whole party breathed more freely, for the frantic voice that at first had seemed to have something familiar in it, sounded strange enough in this last cry.

Presently, George struggled out of the throng, and came towards them with a look of disturbance on his face, though this might have been merely the effect of the flickering lights, which rendered everything uncertain.

"Where is Leonard? Why does he not come?" Amy asked, anxiously, as he drew

near. "Tell him we must leave at once; I shall go distracted if we stay much longer within sight and sound of this wild disorder."

"Leonard is not ready to go," George said, in his usual tones. "The attraction down there is too strong to permit him to think of leaving just yet. But it is not best for you to wait. You ladies, I see, are all anxious to be gone. Wilson and I would like to remain a little longer, if you will pardon our ungentlemanly desertion. Lawrence, Jameson and Tracy, here, will form so sufficient and agreeable an escort, that you will not observe our absence."

Amy objected. She had never known her brother guilty of such a breach of politeness, and she was unwilling to leave the ground without Leonard. If he would accompany her, she would go herself and speak to him.

No, George said, imperatively; she could not reach him through such a crowd. And yielding finally, to the persuasions of the other ladies, who declared themselves entirely pleased with Bryan's arrangement, she reluctantly consented to a division of the party. George and Mr. Wilson volunteered to accompany them past the guard, and through the mob which rendered the guard necessary, and with foul oaths smiting their ears, fouler breaths sweeping across their cheeks like scorching flames, eyes, burning with evil fires, leering wickedly in their faces, they made their way to the public road, with convictions which broke irresistibly into the only words spoken during the unpleasant passage—"If Heaven is within the camp, hell hangs upon its borders."

"As the two gentlemen turned to retrace their steps, Wilson said, briefly—"It was Douglas, then?"

"Yes; fit for the madhouse," was the low rejoinder; and they walked on in silence.

With difficulty, but with determination, they forced a passage around the angle of the pulpit, to the opening of the "altar," in the centre of which stood Douglas, with dishevelled hair and wild, dilated eyes, flinging his arms madly about him as if striking at invisible foes, alternately dropping upon his knees and leaping to his feet with frantic shouts and snatches of stirring revival hymns.

"Gentlemen and ladies," said Wilson, stepping in among the kneeling and prostrate forms before him, "we beg pardon for disturbing you, but if you will be so kind as to give us passage, we will remove yonder madman."

"Which one?" spoke a significant voice in the crowd.

"Young man, stay your unhallowed feet!" said one in authority, laying a restraining hand on Wilson's arm. "You are on holy ground, stand still, and see the glory of God. This is not madness, but a manifestation of divine power."

But little heeding the injunction, the invaders pushed boldly forward to Douglas' side, in the hope of persuading him to return with them, thinking if they could succeed in getting him beyond the sights and sounds that had crazed him, his frenzy would pass away. As they might have anticipated, their efforts were worse than useless, serving only to work him up to a higher pitch of excitement. In his eyes they were fiends incarnate, tempting him to destruction. Go with them? Never! never! never! He knew them well—knew them of old. They were the emissaries of the devil, sent to destroy his soul. They would drag him down to everlasting death—to chains, fire, brimstone and the bottomless pit! Away with them! He would die upon that field, but he would not go forth till he had found salvation.

Perceiving that he could not, in his present condition, be got away without violence, the friends fell back with sad faces, waiting until the paroxysm of madness should exhaust his strength before making another attempt to withdraw him from the place. Hour after hour dragged heavily, wretchedly on, and all night long poor Douglas raved, and rebelled, and fought against two evil spirits that were plotting his ruin—two devils in the guise of brethren, using all manner of sweet persuasions to induce him to leave all and follow them. But forty days and forty nights with the Son of Man in the wilderness, he would resist their temptations.

It was morning before they succeeded in their purpose of drawing him away, resorting to force at last, bringing home to the house over which yet brooded the shadow of death, a new and living trouble.

For quiet and repose did not, as was hoped, restore equipoise to Leonard's unsettled mind. The taint of insanity lurking in his blood like some combustible matter, touched by the flame of excitement, burned wildly along his veins, and set on fire his brain, which no longer able to receive any true impression, distorted the tender, pitiful fears of wife and friends into those of mocking devils, seeking to destroy him.

CHAPTER XI.—SUSPENSION OF THE RICHMOND IRON MINE.

Bryan Lodge stood empty and desolate—a monument to the dead joys of its late occupants. To the hearts that a month before had exulted in its beauty and blessed quiet, it seemed the dreariest place on earth. The rooms smelt of death, and echoed with sounds of grief and madness; and one room there was, in whose cool darkness a rigid form was always lying under a drapery of snow—through whose door a coffin, borne with unruffled tread, was forever passing and repassing; the air everywhere was heavy and stifling, as it is by an open grave when the heart of our heart, and the life of our life is swung over and let down into it.

So they who had suffered there made haste to escape, bearing with them their silent sorrow for the dead, and their unconcealable anxiety for the living. Poor Douglas, tormented unceasingly by those evil shapes against which he felt forced to stand guard by day and night, suffered no doubt as deep affliction as he caused.

Bryan found, before his departure, no opportunity, even if under the circumstances, he felt a disposition, to renew his suit to Pauline, or to refer in any manner to the subject of the conversation so abruptly terminated, and they parted with no clear understanding of the relation in which they were to stand to each other.

About that time, also, came the end of Pauline's summer work, and she said good-by to pupils and patrons with a heartache that was less for joys past than for hopes unfulfilled. Between the work she had done and the work she had promised herself to do, what a wretched contrast! Looking forward, she had seen it rising before her fair, stately, symmetrical, harmonious, and wanting in no part; looking backwards, she saw it lying broken, confused, and unequal, a mingled mass of too much and too little—a thing of shreds, and patches, and subterfuges, and make-believes, and poor expedients—a pitiless reflection of all the weaknesses and imperfections of her nature. But it was done—whether for good or evil, the work was done—and forever. Nothing could change it in purpose or effect. She might wear out her life in sorrow and entreaty, but she could not make one crooked line straight, one weak point strong, one rough place smooth, one bad impression good. The work was done. Seeing then the vainness of all endeavors to mend it, and the uselessness alike of regret and self-reproach,

she turned her face resolutely away from it, and would think of it no more—only with the wisdom and experience she had gained she would not part, for these in another field should help her to do a faithfulest work—one, it might be, that she would not wish undone. But first was to come a little interval of rest and freedom among the dear home friends, whom, in spite of many existing differences, she loved most tenderly.

Affairs there at Richmond Farm (nicknamed the Richmond Iron Mine) were going on sadly, with little and continually lessening prospect of amendment. With the failure of means to prosecute the work of developing his hidden treasures, the master of the house, from moodiness and melancholy, was fast sinking into weakness and imbecility, harping incessantly on the one subject that continually occupied his thoughts. The mother, whose small stock of patience was quite exhausted by the heavy demands upon it, had grown a more unlovable companion, the keen, vixenish glitter that used occasionally to shoot into her eyes, coming now with unpleasant frequency, the shadow on her brow deepened into a perpetual frown, the expression of her mouth grown a trifle more shrewish, the tones of her voice a shade more sharp, acrid and irritating. Over the milk and water faces of the sisters, too, had come a cloud that was not there on that spring morning when Pauline had kissed them in tender leave-taking—a sulky, dissatisfied pout of the lips, a half-frightened, half-defiant look of the eyes as they saw steadfastly approaching the certain necessity of labor and self-support, and knew not in what manner this same necessity was to be met and overcome, feeling deeply, as the elder sister had not, the disgrace and humiliation attending it. Even the glad, sunny nature of little Jaky was darkened by the prevailing influences, and he went moping sadly about the house, with a shadow on his young, sweet face, speculating gravely as to how far his store of pennies would go towards opening that wonderfully secreted iron mine, or paying off that dreadful mortgage of which he heard so much talk, or providing the things so incessantly called for by mother and sisters, counting over and over his little hoard, unable by any law of computation yet learned to make more than twenty, and guessing, with a doleful sigh, that it would take as many as a hundred pennies to do one of the things that he wanted to do. Once, in the spirit of generosity and benevolence, he had gone and poured out the little

shining heap of base metal before his father, telling him with a ludicrously patronizing and beneficent air, to take and use it as if it were his own, to carry forward his work; but the scornful, unappreciative manner in which his magnanimous offer had been treated, and the clinking coin swept out of the way, had touched him with a sense of injury and a feeling of grief that found no relief until many days after, when, between broken sobs, he told the whole story to Pauline, and was comforted and made heart-whole again by her tender interest and sympathy. In truth, Pauline, feeling herself in much the condition of little Jaques, with infinite desires to help, but with means proportionately feeble, could sympathize with him right heartily.

"Oh," she thought, aloud, sighing as profoundly as the boy had done, when he counted over his treasure, "if I were only able, if I could only do something to pay off that debt so foolishly incurred, and save the old home!"

"But you can't—you're nothing but a girl," said Jaky, with a look loving and pitiful. "What can a *girl* do? We *men*," straightening himself up, "must do the hard work, and take care of you."

"Beautiful, Jaky! if only 'we men' were gods and could be altogether relied upon," answered the sister, with a beaming smile.

But after all, there seemed a good deal of force in Jaky's question—"What can a girl do?" Pauline could not answer it in a way that would meet the requirements of the case she was considering.

The thousand beautiful theories of woman's secret influence and persuasive power appeared to have no bearing on the present situation; but seeing then no better thing to do, she sat down and wrote a full account of the state of affairs to Earle, showing him very clearly the necessity of assistance from some source, and giving him to understand that he was expected to render what help lay in his power.

The reply, anxiously and hopefully looked for, was deeply disappointing; not more from the denial of her indirect appeal, than from the revelation of selfishness contained in it. Dilating upon his successes and brilliant prospects through half a dozen pages, he made no reference to the subject of which she had written, till near the close of his letter he dropped in a brief paragraph, expressing regret that the folly of his father (to call such obstinate irrationality as he displayed by its mildest name) should deprive his family of the comforts of life and the enjoyment and protection of a

home; but he saw no way at present to avert the calamity. With his own passage to work and position to secure, he could not well shoulder the burden so sweetly, though vaguely urged upon him. By and by, he hoped to be able to dispense some good to others; but first, he must get himself in a condition to do it. Didn't she see?

Whether she did or not, no one ever heard her say. But she, having no "position to secure," ought, she reasoned, to be able to lend some assistance immediately to those who needed it, instead of standing helplessly by and wringing her hands over their distresses. But the way?

A letter, coming by the same mail that brought Earle's, gave as satisfactory an answer to the question as she could reasonably hope for the present. It was from an old friend—the principal of the school, where she had formerly been a pupil—offering her the situation of teacher in one of the departments under his supervision, with a salary which appeared to her then so largely in excess of her personal wants that she counted on the ability to pour a considerable portion of it into the family treasury.

Accepting the offer with gladness, she entered at once upon the discharge of her duties, finding, however, after a few months' trial, the fallacy of her hopes. Her own necessary expenses so far exceeded her expectations, that the sums she was able to remit to the dear ones were pitifully small—less helpful, perhaps, than the hopeful and loving words that she sent with them. But the day was rapidly approaching that was to give the old homestead into stranger hands, and longing to stand once more under the shelter of its roof, and to hear a hundred little particulars concerning the movements of her friends which she could not learn by letter, as well as to lend the support of her cheerful presence through the trying time, she obtained leave of absence for a few days, and made a brief visit—home—for home must be always where the loved ones are. Matters were in a more deplorable condition than she had looked to find them. With almost every resource cut off, the sisters were still sitting in idleness, shrinking from the disgrace of accepting such employment as they were able to obtain; the mother was broken in health by constant care and fret, and the father so far overcome by the near prospect of losing forever his hold upon the fancied treasure that had wrought his ruin, that he lay in a low fever, talking continually in a wild,

wandering way, of the matter that had so long engrossed his mind, sometimes fancying himself near his end, and seeking to employ his attendant as a notary to take down his last will and testament, in which, usually, to his beloved and dutiful step-daughter, Pauline, he gave and bequeathed his valuable iron mine, with all the revenue therefrom, to make such disposition of as she should see fit.

Having succeeded in arranging with the present owner of the old home for the family to remain a few months longer, humoring the sick man (whose ailment was more of the mind than of the body) in the belief that he was still in the possession of his buried fortune, Pauline went back to her work, taking with her the eldest of her half-sisters to find employment "congenial" to the young lady's taste in a millinery establishment near enough to admit of seeing her every day.

Then she wrote again to Earle, giving every particular of the situation of those no dearer to herself than to him, but this time refraining from the slightest intimation that help was required or expected of him, leaving the story to make its own appeal to his affection and generosity.

The answer came back, brief and incoherent, and as if the writer had dashed it off in hot haste, not daring to permit himself a moment for reflection lest he should see how miserably weak, and small, and selfish his motives were. He enclosed, he stated, as large an amount as he could consistently spare at that time, without interference with his own plans; and justice to himself, and faithfulness to his aims withheld him from making any promise of farther help until he had attained the object for which he was striving. He had staked everything on an election to the Legislature of his adopted State in the coming contest, and he was determined to win if it was in his power to do so. Meantime, he could not let his thought rove an instant from its aim, or give any portion of his strength to other objects. *He must win.* And then—

He did not say what then—a vision, perhaps, of the higher political goals to which he aspired coming between him and the love that was about to vouch itself in generous promises of works that he fully meant to do.

Pauline's treatment of this letter was somewhat singular. After reading it quickly through with flashing eyes and cheeks glowing like coals, she flung it passionately upon the floor and ground it under her heel; then, with a sudden gush of tears, she stooped and picked

it up, smoothing it softly under her hand, and kissing it with covert tenderness, murmuring, below her breath—"His heart is right—Earle's heart is right. It is this demon, Ambition which has taken possession of him, that deadens all the noble impulses of his nature, and blinds him to the true ends of life."

But, until (if ever) this demon should be dispossessed, what was she to do to cover Earle's delinquency, and make fair those lives darkened and embittered by misfortune?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWEET MOTHER, PRAY FOR ME.

BY AMY A. HEADLEY.

The dew is falling on the grass,
A dampness fills the air,
The tender flowers have bowed their heads.
Like penitents in prayer;
Dark shadows circle hill and lea,
And now, sweet mother, pray for me.

'Tis hushed and still; no sound or sight
But my heart's even beat,
And my own form, half veiled by night,
My waiting senses greet;
My spirit, dove-like, turns to thee,
To say, sweet mother, pray for me.

This is the hour when holy thoughts
Like white-robed angels, throng
The inner courts of human hearts,
And weave their hallowed song;
While softened by their melody,
Oh, now, sweet mother, pray for me.

Not Honor's purple robes I ask,
Nor Pleasure's rosy hour,
Nor wealth, that comes with regal state
And ostentatious power;
But that my faith like thine may be,
Oh, now, sweet mother, pray for me.

There is a living power in true sentiments. When we hear them spoken, they take their place in our memories, and seem often to hide themselves away out of sight. But, in times of trial, temptation, or suffering, just when they are needed for strength or comfort, some spirit hand turns the leaf on which they were written, and lo! they are ours again.

The happiness of life, says Coleridge, is made up of minute fractions, the little, soon-forgotten charities of a kiss or a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment, and the countless infinitesimals of pleasurable thought and genial feeling.

OWL'S HEAD.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Perhaps my state of mind had something to do with it, but the picture had a marvellous fascination for me all that summer. It hung in the little back library parlor at Owl's Head, and there was an hour every morning when the light, making its way through the heavy swinging of the vines outside, sought that picture and glorified it.

Yet in the great parlor beyond were groups and landscapes that far outshone this one, which wrought within me by some marvellous magnetism of its own. There was a Guido's *Aurora*, which flushed one side of the room with its royal beauty; there were old sea pictures in a white swirl of storm, and long lines of hungry green waves beating up a foreground of gray-black shore; and next to these would hang some luscious picture of the tropics, all color and splendor, the sky and earth suffused with such an intensity of heat, that, as you gazed, a moist, warm, heavy languor seemed to creep over all your senses.

But all these were not *my* picture. You had to pass them by to find it, as though it was not fit companionship for its grander neighbors; neither did the real meaning and power of the painting disclose itself to you with a first glance; you had to look long and search deep for that.

There was a wide sweep of Scotch heather, a swoop of winds through the coarse grass in the distance, and, in the west, a long hot glitter of crimson sunset.

In the foreground, a stag lay in the last agonies of death, the noble, antlered head tossed up, the lithe, graceful limbs in their last shivering convulsion, and something wonderfully human in the agony of those glaring eyes. But he was a king to the last, dying royally, the grand head lifted with the old defiant grace to that red blaze of sunset; it had held itself proudly in many a long chase over the uplands, tossing down in green rain and crystal flakes the forest leaves and morning dews.

Through all the pain and chill with which I looked on the dying creature, I felt ever renewed a thrill of stern exultation at the way in which he met his death. There was something morally sublime in that unconquerable spirit mastering even the dreadful agony of

those last moments, looking out with a strangely human pathos from the strained, set eyes.

On little swells of the ground around him sat half a dozen vultures, watchful, motionless, silent as the death they waited for, darker than the night that bided its time beyond that red glare of sunset. There they sat, the black, unclean, hungry creatures, waiting to gorge themselves. No other watchers but these of the quivering flesh, and the glaring eyes; an awful power and meaning in the picture.

It may be, as I said, that the mysterious influence which drew me every morning to that picture, and the indignant horror which wrought anew within me every time I looked at the dying animal and the unclean things gathered about him, had something to do with my state of mind that summer.

I had come down to Owl's Head because I wanted to get away from the world of gossip, fashion—show of all sorts. I had one friend whose faith and love had borne the strain that had snapped so many weaker ones. Ours took its roots away back in the girlhood of our lives, and it proved one of those to which the years bring new forces of nourishment and growth. My friend married, and her husband brought her every summer to Owl's Head, and to the house where he was born—cool, wide, russet-colored, among wild, picturesque hills, and little mountain streams coming and going nobody knew where, but breaking into the silence with sudden quivers of song; and country roads and woods, and an old bald dragon of a mountain, which christened the place; though I never could discern the resemblance betwixt the mountain and the bird whose name it bore. Four miles off was a large country town, and the sea was not so far beyond that, but the air was salted with it whenever the wind bore the right way. And this Owl's Head, being remote from most thoroughfares, formed a charming sanctuary from the world, cool and quiet, a wide lavish beauty of Nature, which somehow had never been sought or found by tourist or artist, scattered all around it.

I used to manage to steal away a week or two, when I was younger and gayer than now, from one fashionable watering-place and an-

other, to have a little taste of country quiet at Owl's Head; and I always went away stronger and better for the flavor the place left in my soul.

When the trouble came on me, my friend was just ready to start for Europe; her projected summer tour, stretching so late into the fall that it might take hold on winter.

"Owl's Head is the place for you," she said. "Go there and take mine. We are not very rich; but you will have a couple of servants to take care of you, and the place itself will do the rest, better at least than this meddling, gossiping world."

What a Godsend the offer was. I came to Owl's Head that summer with just the feeling that bruised souls and wounded animals have—a great longing to get out of every one's way, to live or die, as the case might be.

Yet I would not make my own grief greater than it was. Other souls have staggered under heavier burdens, borne keener pangs than I did at that time. But for all that, the one seemed crushing the other, sharp, and bitter, and terrible.

I, Christiana Ruggles, was orphaned almost before my remembrance. It is true, that looking far up the years, until they reach the hills of the morning, I have a vision, somewhat blurred, and yet with a certain individuality of outline which I never lose, and which I know is the face of my fair young mother. She followed my father to his grave, and I was alone, and the world was wide and cold. One corner of it, however, still held the last of my kin; an elder brother of my father's; a man without wife or children, with a heart soft as a baby's, under many little quaint whims and oddities of manner, which have such immense weight with superficial judges of character.

The man had lived for many years in the East Indies, and acquired a fortune there, and had been a long time revolving in his mind the expectancy of returning to his native land; but the inertia which a tropical climate superinduces, had always prevented the purpose developing itself in action, when he received tidings of the death of both my parents, and the penniless and helpless condition of the child they had left behind them.

This knowledge supplied the stimulus without which my uncle would probably have gone on dreaming and resolving, while the days marched in their fiery splendor over the earth, and sitting under his veranda he saw the nights blaze in glory over his head, and

heard the slow winds swing to and fro in the great palm trees around his dwelling.

But he came back at last, bringing with his natural idiosyncrasies of temperament many habits and peculiarities which had been superinduced by his long residence in a foreign climate, strange importations enough, in the midst of his own land and people.

A less tenacious nature would have sloughed all these off; but it was not in my uncle to do this. The habits, ways, feelings of that old lazy, East Indian life, had got into his blood, deep as the tan had into his skin; and he would never get rid of the one any more than of the other.

My uncle came, as I said, took me up in his arms, into his heart, and after that my life knew no sorrow, hardly a shadow. Bright and smoothly flowed through the flowery, overhanging banks of the years, the river of my childhood. The sweetness of doating love, the lavish indulgence of large wealth, fed by golden streams from the far tropics were poured on my youth.

The strain and test must come sooner or later, and my life was not one to brace me for these. Everybody predicted that I should be utterly spoiled. Perhaps my uncle himself had an occasional twinge of conscience, for sometimes as I sat, after dinner, on his knee, he would give my ear a playful tweak, and say—"They don't know the texture you're made of, child. It don't do to trust too much to blood; but I've watched you, and when the time comes, the old Ruggles backbone will carry you through."

My uncle had a horror of boarding-schools, and I was educated at home; a dangerous experiment, always. If we are to take our place in the world, to do our work there for good or for evil, why shut us away from it at the beginning? We need the stress and the friction with others, and we are cramped and defrauded of part of our strength and growth if this is denied us.

I have not much to say for myself. If there was any sound stuff in me, it had not proved itself at this time. I had inherited the strong individualities, whether for good or for evil, of my race, and I was naturally studious, and my uncle indulged my tastes here to the largest degree. So I came up into womanhood, the petted, in a sense, certainly the spoiled darling of my uncle. I like to hurry over these years, when I really never suspected that I had any higher duty than to absorb whatever was best, finest, and most to be de-

sired in the world. The æsthetic, sensuous side of my nature was indulged to the uttermost; I had every advantage that wealth and a large city could afford me; I was drifted about by a whirl of social gayeties; I saw whatever was choicest or most celebrated in the scenery of my native land; and we were in the midst of plans and preparations for a grand European tour, when my uncle was suddenly taken ill, the disease which that long life of inertia had sowed so deeply in his constitution working so insiduously that he did not suspect its existence himself until it was too late for arrest.

He lingered several months. I was just twenty-three when the life of my last relative went out, and it seemed in the agony of my grief that all light went out of life, too, with the old man.

I learned that was not true; though when the morrow came back, it could never be the yesterday for the long black night that lay betwixt them.

My uncle appointed as my guardian an old friend of his, a retired East Indian merchant, who justified his choice during the two years that he managed my affairs; then he followed my uncle, and the settlement of his estate, including the general supervision of my own fortune, devolved upon his brother—Vincent Marlowe.

The first time the gentleman called to see me I was not strongly impressed in his favor; a "reserved, studious man," somebody had said; "shy, too, among women; but my fortune could not be trusted in safer hands."

At all events, it must be left there for the present, as my uncle's business abroad had been of late years more or less involved with his brothers, and I should sooner have vexed myself about the falling of the heavens than the integrity of my fortune.

A somewhat tall, somewhat thin man, with a heavy growth of beard, dark eyes that looked at you with a clear, thoughtful earnestness, a quiet reserved manner and a pleasant voice—all this I found in Vincent Marlowe, and, I think, nothing more, then.

He had lived abroad a good many years, the youngest partner of his brother's house, preferring, so I was told, the foreign business, because it left him larger opportunities for study.

After my uncle died, I kept up the old city house and the old style of living, partly because I could hardly conceive of any other, and partly out of affection for the dead. Many scales had fallen from my eyes during these

years. The old glamour had passed away from life. It had grown to have some new significance for me. I had something to do here but to absorb the quintessence of pleasure and happiness. God and the world had claims that could not be denied; and the wealth that had fallen to me involved vast responsibilities which my roused soul was just beginning to comprehend.

Then the crash came! My fortune crumbled and melted away in an hour, like some fair and stately palace which, seized by hungry flames, is gone in a moment—the lofty columns, the winding corridors, the glory and the beauty, all in one hour a heap of gray ashes!

The blow stunned me for awhile. Then my uncle's prophecy made itself good, and the Ruggles blood rose up in me to face the necessity. Even this should not master me, I said.

Yet it was no light thing to be left penniless and without a tie of kin in the world.

Then, to earn my bread, the roof over my head, the clothes that covered me! I had no especial talent in any direction, and luxurious habits that my life had fostered, and tastes that shrank instinctively from anything coarse, mean, sordid! Still my education had been thorough in most directions, and my fondness for study had remained intact. I could teach—a wearing routine of duties opened in dreary perspective before me; but at least that was better than dependence. For I had friends who did not forsake me in the beating of the storm and the waters going over my head.

Terrible were the anathemas heaped at this time on the head of Vincent Marlowe, each one believing that he was at the bottom of the loss of my fortune. I myself had not a doubt of it. There was clearly villany somewhere, for my uncle's fortune, though mostly invested in the East India trade, and liable to great commercial fluctuations, had evidently been wasted in various speculations by the house of which Vincent Marlowe was the nominal head.

He was abroad at the time of its failure; and of the other two partners, one, a distant relative of Marlowe's, disappeared, and the other, an old man, completely broke down with the crash of the house that had weathered so many a commercial storm.

Something might be done, though that was extremely doubtful, through litigation. Several of my friends, lawyers of eminent ability, offered to conduct the suit, and I left it in their hands.

One evening I went down into the parlor, for the first time since I had received the tid-

ings that I was reduced to beggary; for it simply amounted to this, and it was not in me to mince words. I put the fact straight before me, turned it round, looked at it on all sides. "This is what has come to you, Christiana Rugles," I said, "now show the stuff you're made of."

So I had gone down into the parlors, resolving that this should be the last time. To-morrow I would dismiss the servants, leave the house, and give up that, furniture and all, to the auctioneer.

I walked round the stately rooms among the pictures, and marbles, and bronzes, with much the feeling that one might have, knowing that to-morrow he was to go out and lay his head down under the headsman's axe; yet my bitterness seemed worse than the bitterness of death.

The stupor that came with the sudden blow, passed now into a sharp agony. All my heart-strings cracked and bled at the thought of leaving the old home where the dead had dwelt with me for so many years. Precious memories and clustering associations turned themselves about every object on which I gazed. For the first time, my whole soul swelled into a white heat of wrath against the man who had wrought all this woe for me—the man, Vincent Marlowe. I had trusted him, absolutely believing his integrity of the sort no temptations could shake. At the first, the magnitude of his crime had appalled me. It seemed, in my ignorance of the world, so utterly without precedent, that I could not realize the deed; and though everybody who saw me, heaped, in one way or another, curses on the man's head, I had nothing to say. I am not certain I felt a single swell of wrath against him.

But now every other feeling merged itself in the hot, tumultuous anger that rose in my soul, and burned fiercely against this man. To him I owed all the anguish of my present, all the blackness of the future that loomed before me. He could not go unscathed with that sin on his head. Some awful judgment of God must find him out.

In the midst of this hot surge of thought and feeling, the waiter brought me word that a gentleman waited in the anteroom, who insisted that his business was urgent, and that he desired a private interview with me.

I was in no mood for visitors, and indeed, had denied myself for the last fortnight to all of these, with the exception of my most intimate friends.

But "business calls" could not be refused. I fancied this must be from one of the lawyers who had undertaken my case, and sat down in a kind of numb endurance; for the very thought of conversation rasped every nerve like a slow torture. This, too, was appointed me. I remember wondering as I sat there that it took all this pain to die; and then footsteps came along the hall and entered in at the door.

I looked up, and saw a tall, slim figure. I suppose the light falling down on my face from the chandelier overhead showed him how it had changed in the last fortnight, for the man stood still suddenly, with a gasp or an exclamation that conveyed to me some sense of sharp surprise or pain. Then I looked again, and knew Vincent Marlowe!

He came nearer, and I rose up, and my first greeting was—"Have you come, Vincent Marlowe, to gloat over the misery you have wrought?"

He stopped there. His face was pale and thin enough before, and he looked like a man risen up suddenly from deadly sickness; but I did not consciously heed that at the time.

"You believe me, then, the villain who has done this?" he asked, his words slow, like a man half crazed; his eyes with something strong and glittering in them, which I had never seen there before, on my face; but that did not daunt me. If his wrath had leaped out and struck me dead at his feet, so far as myself was concerned, I could have died thanking him for the lesser wrong, now that he had wrought the greater one.

"I believe nothing," I answered; "I know all!"

He would have spoken again, but here I stopped him, with a gesture that must have had some strong power in it, and went on. What I said, I could never recollect; but I know that the foul wrong which had been done to the dead and the living, wrought in my soul, and gathered itself into my speech that night. Whatever I said, my life was in it, and I think even a man bad and foul to the core, as I believed the one standing before me to be, would not have liked to listen to my words for those five minutes.

"Now I have done, Vincent Marlowe," I said at the last. "You will never hear word or sign from me again. There is the door—go out of it, and find what reward you can in the wealth you have stolen; but, remember, its curse is upon you!"

He had stood still as a statue, his face a little

in the shade, while I had been talking; but I could see that it grew whiter around the heavy black beard, in which had come many a seam of gray since I last saw it.

"Not just yet," he said; and he came close to me now, and the light fell upon the thin and almost ghostly face. "Look in my eyes, Christiana, Ruggles, and tell me once more that you believe that I am the devil you have just painted me."

What a strong, fine scorn distilled itself through all the words! There must have been some overmastering power in the man, for I did look up, and then his eyes held my gaze there, dark, wide, and clear, no shame nor guilt in them, the soul seeming to look through, fearless, brave, incorruptible—a man who would face death, with the words of Job, when under the hot skies of the land of Uz, he lifted his face from the sackcloth and ashes, and answered to reproach and accusation—"Till I die I will not remove my integrity from me."

My faith in this man's guilt was going from me as I gazed; I caught after it with a kind of desperate eagerness. "I was a woman," my friends had said, some of them, with a pity that had a touch of contempt in it, I thought, "and could not be expected to understand the corruptions of business, else I would not have trusted this man so entirely with my fortunes."

"I believe it, Vincent Marlowe," I said. "The evidence against you admits of no doubt."

But I think there was one then in my soul, and it must have crept into my tones.

"And you believe that I come here now, and look in your face, and see there the misery I have made—you believe that I could stand up here in your presence, betraying all the trust the dead had left in my hands—you believe that I could listen unmoved to all those terrible words you have heaped on me, after deliberately defrauding you of your last dollar, when, with implicit confidence, you had placed everything in my power! Woman, do you take me for a man, or a fiend?"

One grasp now after that old doubt sliding from beneath me, like planks that go down at sea. "It was but fair to give the man a hearing," I thought, trying thus to keep some faith with myself.

So I spoke—"If you have anything to say for yourself, speak. If you can prove your hands clean, I shall be glad to have you do it."

This was a meagre grace I knew, and I did not so much as ask him to sit down. He must

prove his claim first on even that slight hospitality.

There is no use now, reader, of dragging up to the daylight all that miserable story. The outlines will make it sufficiently clear to your mind.

Vincent Marlowe was in the South of France, and had just passed the crisis of a fever that had almost severed the last strand of his life, when the tidings came to him of the failure of his house and the flight of his most responsible partner. The shock and anxiety brought on a relapse of fever. In his hot impatience, the sick man had hastened, at the risk of his life, so his physician said, to take the next steamer home, and reached London more dead than alive, to learn here that my fortune had been swept into the maelstrom when his own house had gone down.

The villany of his partner was now clearly established. It appeared that Vincent Marlowe had, during the last year, entertained some suspicions that the house was extending its vast business to somewhat imprudent lengths; but his inquiries had always been met with satisfactory explanations, and the real state of things diligently hidden from him, which his residence abroad rendered it comparatively easy to do.

The younger partner was just on the point of returning home for a thorough investigation of affairs, when the fever which suddenly seized him precluded all that.

The mania of speculation was at this time running wild through the country, and too often, like wildfire, leaving desolation and ruin in its track. The managing partner of the old house had, at this time, everything in his hands. The mania seized him too, and the deeper he became involved, the more desperate was the game he played.

Everything was swallowed up in the insatiate man of those mad speculations. No protest came from the far-off sick bed where Vincent Marlowe lay while life and death wrestled over him; and the elder partner was, through age and infirmities, wholly at the mercy of the other.

My own property had, since the death of the elder Marlowe, been placed in secure investments; but as the affairs of the house grew desperate, Marlowe's partner saw that the only chance left him to tide over the peril was to secure a large amount of immediately available funds. My fortune presented the temptation. It was an awful one, for it involved the forgery of my own and Vincent Marlowe's

names; but the man was desperate, and it was done!

This was what I learned that night—the last that I ever sat in the old parlor at home. The light was on the man's face as he talked; the clear eyes never once faltered from my gaze that held them. Vincent Marlowe had reached the city that afternoon. He had hurried up to see me, fearing that I might suspect him of indifference or carelessness, but not of crime. Somehow as he spoke the word, I could feel the fine curl of his lip under the heavy beard.

Then he drew a little nearer to me. "Christiana Ruggles, do you believe what I have said—that I have told you the whole truth, as before God?"

While he had been speaking, the last suspicion had passed away. My old faith in this man's integrity renewed itself with a kind of stern, solemn exultation.

"I believe you from my soul, Vincent Marlowe."

It was strange enough, but we had never called each other by our Christian names before this night.

Then I gave him my hand. "Will you forgive me what I said?"

He held it a moment, looking on my face with something in his eyes, I could not tell what. "Yes, I will forgive you," he said. "And it is something for me to do that, for they were awful words you hurled at me an hour ago; the more awful because they were not like a woman's, but still, slow, calm, only with white heat in them!"

"I cannot remember them; only sometimes it seems as though all this through which I have passed had left a slow fire burning in my heart and brain; I suppose it leaped out then for the first time."

"And I would have died joyfully to save your face from that look."

He spoke now half to himself; his face had gone a little into the shadow again, but I could see the gleaming of his eyes, and something behind the gleam; I did not know what, then. I made him sit down, realizing at last how white and emaciated he was, and ordered refreshments, and literally forced him to partake of these; and meanwhile, with a few of his clear, incisive questions, he learned my plans for the future as nearly as I had defined them. The leaving the city without delay, and going to Owl's Head, met with his prompt approval.

For himself, he was to sail the next morning for the East Indies. I exclaimed here—"In

your state of health, and for that deadly climate, too! Why you are wasted almost to a skeleton now!"

He smiled. I had seen him do this a few times before, and it struck me then that this man's smile had something wonderful in it—the sweetness matching the strength and diffusing some new meaning over the whole face.

"I should certainly die if I remained here, while there was a chance of doing anything. I can only die if I go."

There was no use in protesting; and at last he made it all clear that if anything could be saved from the wreck of my fortune, it must be done without delay, and that Vincent Marlowe's presence was absolutely necessary in the East Indies. The elder partner of his house could manage the settlement of any affairs that remained; indeed, they were to devote the night to that business, for the vessel sailed to-morrow at noon, and Vincent Marlowe would not miss her.

So we parted, and the man whom I had confronted as my deadliest foe, seemed to have suddenly changed into the friend I could trust longest and deepest.

What followed after that, had best be told in few words. I would not stir into quick life the bitterness and agony of those days.

When argument and entreaty failed to induce me to continue my suit against Vincent Marlowe, when they found nothing could shake my faith in the man's integrity, my friends forsook me. They called me deluded, a fool, a mad woman.

The story which had established his innocence in my eyes, had no more weight with others than the babblings of a maniac. Some averred that my folly and obstinacy deserved no better fate than had befallen me, and others at last insinuated that "I must be in love with the scoundrel."

That assertion, however, was not repeated in my presence. I had borne all which had gone before with a kind of stolid endurance, but those words went down "where the life lay." They hurt like a blow; they burned like sudden fire, and I turned on my tormentors. What I said, again I cannot remember, but I know the speech silenced them—in my presence, at least.

So, as you know, I came to Owl's Head in that sort of morbid disgust with the world which, I suppose, has sent many a woman into a cloister—many a monk and hermit into cell and cavern. My friend was the only one who shared my faith in Vincent Marlowe—that

never knew one moment's doubt or wavering through all the months that followed.

So the summer went over me at Owl's Head, and Nature did for me what man could not. Oh, glory of those mornings; oh, stately splendors of those still noons; oh, marvellous beauty of those summer nights—how I dwelt with you, and your spirit entered into my soul and healed it.

I was young yet, I told myself—scarcely over my twenty-sixth birthday, and life had something for me, too; at least, duties and work which I would take up faithfully, if not joyfully, and earn a right to my rest at last.

The autumn came as a king should, and walked the earth awhile in purple and gold, and then sank in dark, blurred days, and long, sullen nights—with swift moods of wind and rain, and still I stayed at Owl's Head.

One night—it was the very last one of November—I became tired and restless for the first time since I entered Owl's Head. Something panted within me for larger life and opportunities. I had waited long enough—I wanted to find some broader, and some better work to do. I went out and walked on the veranda. It was a still, mild night, earth and sky in a mood of unutterable sadness, as though two hearts had broken over the year's loss and decay, for a voice of wind or rain. Yet the air was fairly soaked with a chill, clinging mist, and the trees stood bare, desolate, beseeching, under a moon which looked on them with some hopeless pathos through a gray blur of cloud. A few stars, too, had struggled into the sky, but they had a desolate sort of look, and hid themselves every few moments behind the edge of some crawling mist. Here I walked for an hour, trying to find what meaning the night had for me; but beyond the awful gloom of sky and earth, I could discern nothing. The mild, clinging dampness penetrated to every fibre, as the gloom penetrated to finer ones of my soul, and the hopelessness grew upon me like a weight let down out of Heaven, and it seemed that the darkness and my soul called alike upon God, and He did not hear us.

Suddenly I heard footsteps out there in the thick blur of mists, and out of them, like a dark spectre, a tall figure came towards the veranda. I stood still and waited for it in a chill of fear. The mood of the night had wrought a strange superstition in me. What fate was coming to me in this strange, swift, silent shape; that rose out of the darkness, as one might rise from the dead?

The light from the parlors made a circle of brightness where I stood. The figure discerned me, and hurried forward. Then the fear clutched at my heart and escaped in a cry.

"Christiana, don't you know me?" said a voice, not just like any other man's. I knew it, instantly.

"Oh, Vincent Marlowe!"

"I ought not to have come upon you like an apparition, out of the mists yonder; but I was in a hurry to see you. Have you read my letters?"

He held my hands, looking in my face keeping me in the circle of light.

"No; I have heard of none."

"I wrote you twice from the Indies. But the letters may go to the winds, or to unsounded depths of ocean, now I am here to speak for myself."

We went into the house together, and then Vincent Marlowe did speak for himself, or rather his deeds did, prompt, faithful, heroically!

He had succeeded in rescuing from the general ruin a portion of my uncle's fortune—perhaps not a tenth part of the original value, but enough to place me beyond all anxiety for my future; he had gathered up the loose strands of that old East India trade, and knit them into stout and strong cables for service and fortune; and then, his health improved, and the old, indomitable courage of the man strong at his heart, he had come back.

"There are deeds sometimes before which all thanks seem mean and small, and silence means more than any speech. You have done one of these for me. May God reward you, Vincent Marlowe, with the dearest desire of your heart."

He took my hand, and looked on me with something in his eyes which I remembered was there the last night we sat in the parlor at home. He did not speak for a moment; then he said—"I know all you have borne and suffered for your faith in me, and that they were never able to shake it."

"How—who has told you?"

"No matter. I was not without friends among my countrymen, though most of them raised the hue and cry fiercely enough against me. I have come back to put it all behind me, to live it all down. I shall prove to them what I did to you."

"I never doubted it," looking on the tanned face, with the lines in it; a strong, manly face—a face to be trusted to the death. I began to read it now.

He looked on me—"It has been a long and bitter trial, but in the end it will prove

"Very bitter, and salt, and good."

"It has brought out some new strength and grace of womanhood in your face, and you will find, sometime, that it has brought out also some new power and sweetness in your soul, which all those years of watchful love and luxurious indulgence could never do. Yet I would have died to save you from it, Christiana!" and again the look, far down in the great clear eyes.

At last he went away to the town, a few miles off, promising to return on the following day, and left me alone with God and my new joy.

The next day, an hour after breakfast, from sheer force of habit, I suppose, for I was incapable of any system or order for that day, I went into the library parlor.

A blaze of light struck and brought out at this time the finest meaning of the picture; for the December day had risen with a new life in its veins, out from the night's mood of despair, and the morning stood in the heavens and over the earth, strong, courageous, beautiful.

I started back, for a tall figure stood before the picture; it turned, and I saw Vincent Marlowe.

I sprang towards him—this man, to whom, under God, I owed whatever the new future held out to me of rest, comfort, fortune; yet, for this very reason, perhaps, my words went aside from all that; our light speech is often a glittering sort of veil drawn over the life of joy or pain that throbs and quivers beneath.

"Oh, I did not expect you so early; and by what fine instinct have you found my picture so soon among all the others?"

"Ah! Is it yours? I might have known, though I did not suspect that," taking no notice of my first remark, and with those pleasant eyes searching my face a moment, and then going back to the picture. I remember just how it looked, the brave sunlight striking the hot glitter of crimson in the background—the stag in the front, and the silent, unclean things, keeping their hungry watch about it.

I believe I spoke first. "It grows on you in power and depth, as all true poems and pictures do. I have not failed it one morning since I came to Owl's Head."

He looked at me again with the pleasant, thoughtful eyes. "But you have not always brought such a face as that to study the picture—such a face as you have now."

"What sort of one is it?"

"Tremulous, alive, overflowing with life and happiness, the sparkle you see coming straight from the heart; and yet it is that sort of sparkle which never comes, without pain, stress, agony, have preceded it."

His words had touched the life throbbing beneath. The freshest of my feelings surged back and forth in great waves a moment, and then leaped out in speech.

"I was so happy last night that I could not sleep. To think of the miserable time that has passed, and all I owe to you! Oh, Mr. Marlowe, I cannot thank you! I can only say what I did last night—'May God give you the dearest desire of your heart!'"

He looked at me again. Something flickered in his eyes, over his face—what was it?

"I did not tell you, then, what the dearest desire was?"

"No. Can I help you to attain it?"

Again that flicker coming and going in his face. His words did not answer my question. "Christiana," his voice seeming to feel and try the name. "Belonging to Christ. What a gift—what a meaning that name is!"

"Yes, and I have not worn it worthily;" and I heard the tears quiver in my voice, as I felt them in my eyes. "My mother handed down the name to me from her great-aunt. A kind of heirloom, you see."

"Yes."

I went on: "But at least, I hope I do not come out of this darkness as I went into it. Oh, Mr. Marlowe! I have learned as I only could, living it, what it is for women to stand alone in the world, without fortune, almost without friends, no work to do, no place for her, the future stretching before her, black, defiant, terrible. I could never have conceived it."

"I see you have learned something, then, that we men never do—never can; at least, only in that partial, incomplete way, in which all knowledge comes to us that does not touch our lives."

"Yes; but now my first desire is to make this knowledge of some use and service, and that solemn question of Jean Ingelow's has come to take up its abode in my thoughts—

"Are there no stones that Thou wilt deign to trust My hands to gather out!"

"Be patient! When one's soul asks such a question earnestly, humbly, He is certain to answer it."

I remember that I thanked him with a smile, because, then, at last, I had no more words.

"But I recollect that you did not answer

my question, Mr. Marlowe, whether I could help you to attain the dearest desire of your heart?"

"I was not certain, therefore I did not answer. Shall I tell you what *that* is?"

"As you please. If I can help you—yes."

Something that moved the man's whole face. "The dearest desire of my heart, Christiana Ruggles, is—*yourself*!"

"I—myself!" trying to catch and hold fast the meaning of his word in his bewilderment.

"I have said it."

I stood still a moment, and so the truth entered into my heart. I turned and walked to the opposite side of the room, where a great length of mirror faced us on the mantel. I looked at the woman standing there with a searching intentness that took her all in, face and figure. She was not handsome, and the glow of color that gave her face at that moment all that fine emotion, was not its constant mood. The features were delicate and too thin—if the face had any beauty, the eyes and smile made it, with a glitter of gold in the thick, brown hair over all.

In a moment Vincent Marlowe joined me. "What have you come here to see?" he asked.

"I cannot tell. Perhaps to find out why you wanted me. See there; it is not a beautiful face."

"Yes it is, too; the most beautiful one in the world!"

I laughed outright at his illusion; yet if I had not laughed, I am sure I should have cried.

"That is enough; I am satisfied with the face."

His hand went down it in a soft, stroking way, expressing an unutterable tenderness. "Yet it is for something more and better than the beauty I love it," he said.

"When did you learn all this?" I managed to stammer out.

"In those first interviews of ours, before I went abroad; but I was a grave, silent man, a good many years your senior; and you were—all you were. I had no faith in, no hope for myself."

"And all this time—all this time?"

"Yes, all this time, my darling."

My hands on his shoulder, my face in them, my tears coming fast enough—"Thank God!—thank God!"

They were the very best words I could say.

There is a Hindoo saying, that—"If we love a person, let him be a thousand miles away, he is at the end of our eyes."

ONE REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTE.

It was a fine Sabbath morning in the year 1777, that the inhabitants of a little parish in the state of Vermont, and on the borders of New Hampshire, assembled in their accustomed place of worship. The cares and turmoils of that fearful and long-to-be-remembered summer had imprinted an unusually serious look upon the rough, though not displeasing countenances of the male members of that little congregation. Their rigid features relaxed, however, as they entered that hallowed place, and felt the genial influence of a summer's sun, whose rays illuminated the sanctuary and played upon the desk and upon the fine, open countenance of him who ministered there. He was a venerable man, and his whitened locks and tottering frame evidenced that he had numbered his three score and ten years.

The minister of Christ was about to commence the services of the morning, and had just opened the sacred volume, when a messenger, almost breathless, rushed into the church, and exclaimed—"The enemy are marching into our western counties!"

The aged soldier of the cross announced the text—"He who hath a garment, let him sell it and buy a sword."

After a few preliminary and patriotic remarks, he said—"Go up, my friends, I beseech you, to the help of your neighbors against the mighty. Advance into the field of battle, for God will muster the hosts to war. Religion is too much interested in the success of this day not to lend you her influence. The Lord is ever on the side of right and justice; He will not prosper tyranny and oppression. The love of country is an unselfish love. Do your duty as men, and leave the result in the hands of your Heavenly Father. His Providence is over all things; even the very hairs of your heads are all numbered; and surely He will watch over, and prosper so momentous an event as this.

"As for myself, age sits heavily upon me, and I cannot go with you; neither have I any representatives of my family to send. My daughters (pointing at the same time to the pew where sat his aged wife and his two maiden daughters, the only remnants of a large family) cannot draw the sword nor handle the musket, in defence of their country, but they can do something; they can use the rake and hoe, so that the toil-worn soldier, when he returns from the field of battle, may not suffer for the want of the necessaries of life."

The venerable pastor bowed his head in devo-

tion, and in prayer gave further flow to his deep emotions. When he again looked around, his audience were gone. One by one they had silently left the house of God, and before the sun had that day set, the male inhabitants of that little parish who were able to bear arms, were far on their way to meet the enemies of their country on the field of Bennington. The result of that battle is known to all Americans.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

AMY'S PARTY.

BY MAY LEONARD.

"Here we are, Amy! Good-night!" cried Harry Flint, with that lack of ceremony which forms a refreshing characteristic in escorts of his age, or youth.

"Good-night!" said Amy, as if pronouncing a benediction. Harry, in age, was her junior by three months; her seniority in all else was consequently as many years. "What a fib I told him," she soliloquized, with a sigh, as she mounted the steps leading to her own door, "but I could not say his sister's party was a failure, and that I'd had a horrid, hateful time, and would never go again."

Amy hoped to steal unnoticed to her place by the library fire, but such was not her fate.

"Hallo!" cried Frank. "Beauty once more illumines our dwelling; but (after a pause and closer scrutiny) with radiance dimmed. Has Cinderella lost her slipper? Was the gown the *ne plus ultra* of all your desires, and *ultima thule* of all your wishes, Miss Brown's 'shay dove,' eclipsed? Whence this '*Il Penseroso*' air?"

"Queen Lilliput's limbs are weary," said George, kindly lifting his pet sister to his knee. "What is it, birdie?" he whispered.

"Ask me not what the maiden feels" continued Frank. "Were golden curls at a discount—quenched by the waterfalls? Did it fail of Charlotte Russe. Any way it's heart-sick and world-weary, and wants to be a nun, mamma."

"I've given up these parties," said Grace, a philosopher of sixteen years, who suffered from ennui, having tapped the world and found it hollow. "Such tiresome people. Shoddy and its worshippers, vulgarity, pretension, officious intrusion and prosy Nell Winsor."

"Oh, it's all of 'em," said little Amy, with intense disgust. "Every one there, Nell was prosy, Nettie disobliging, each one looked out for self first; for my part, I did not join in any game, play or sing. The Greens favored us with duets until we wished them to—Jericho."

"Oh, for a knight like Bayard," said Frank. "Then Amy wouldn't make herself a male flower. Oh, for Sir Charles Grandison, Don Quixotte, and Lucilla Stanley!"

"I think I'll go to bed, mamma," said Amy, rising, with a lofty air of injured dignity, which quickly dissolved in a flood of tears upon mamma's shoulder. So little Amy found comfort, and closed her eyes peacefully within her quiet room.

She heard a voice, soft, sweet, clear as a silver bell calling her name, and suddenly beheld the blessed apparition for whose advent she had often watched. By the shower of golden curls, like her own, only longer and more abundant in proportion to the elfin form they enveloped, by the tiny hand grasping its jewelled wand, by the beautiful, kind eyes and kinder smile, Amy knew the fairy godmother she had so often dreamed was hers.

"Yes, Amy," said the fairy, checking her rapturous exclamations, "I'm your godmother, as you guess—by name, Vanisa. I'm your friend, and prove it by omitting all sentiment and coming at once to business. You shall give a party, little one, inviting whom you choose, and entertaining them just as you like. I'll lend my aid in assembling and dispersing them, however distant their homes. I will provide an ample feast, and an elegant suit for you, my dear. All else I leave to your management. Whom will you invite?"

The idea seemed in some way familiar to Amy, and she answered, with tolerable readiness and composure—"If you please, fairy godmother, I'd like my oldest friends to come. I've enjoyed them so much; we never disagreed. Let us ask Red Riding Hood, poor dear, Robinson Crusoe, Cinderella, for she's used to parties; the poor little Babes of the Wood, and Blue Beard's wife, and good 'Sister Anne,' the girl who spoke diamonds and pearls, Jack Giant-Killer, Prince Giglio and Betsinda, and oh dear, godmother, all the rest. You arrange the list, please, and *don't* ask one that's selfish and ugly."

And now Amy is dressed for her reception. How shall I describe her? The gown is of some strange, delicate texture, more like the creamy petals of a lily than anything else. A knot of moss rose-buds mixed with lilies of the valley nestles among her golden curls, and another upon her bosom—these, with large, luminous diamonds, glistening like dew-drops, form her ornaments. Her tiny slippers might be Vanisa's own, and happy expectation lights her face into radiant beauty. So much fame, romance, and loveliness

assembling at her bidding, her heart swells with pride and joy at the thought.

A disturbance at the door apprizes her of the first arrival. The sight of Jack Giant-Killer's sword has awakened fearful recollections in Mrs. Blue Beard's mind, and with a loud shriek she has fallen fainting into the arms of her faithful Anne. Restoratives being administered with success, Amy receives her guests with equanimity and grace.

Some little jars arise, the more aristocratic evincing repugnance at being brought into contact with poor Friday and any one so coarsely clad as Red Riding Hood and the ragged infants of the Wood.

Amy, unfortunately, so worded her invitations that each guest has come to grace her feast as its one particular star, the rest to form but an admiring and enraptured audience; and now, as if possessed by the spirit of the ancient mariner, each tale is related, but to most contemptuous listeners.

When Mrs. Blue Beard tragically relates the horrors of "that closet," Red Riding Hood says—"What are dead women to a wolf, whose eyes are balls of fire, his breath flame, and his great teeth—oh—"

"Poh!" says Jack Giant-Killer, "a wolf is easily disposed of—but think of a *giant*!"

Aladdin pronounces Robinson Crusoe a slow coach, and the Babes of the Wood are unanimously voted little bores.

Hoping to divert her guests from their present disappointment, Amy proposes a dance, and Cinderella, being very gorgeously dressed, and "used to that sort of thing," is requested to lead. But having once danced with a prince, she'll accept no other partner, intimating, however, her willingness to condescend to perform the shawl dance if they would like it. Betsinda feels that a slight has been cast upon her dear Prince Giglio, and Robinson Crusoe says if a solitary dance is desired, Friday shall show them his favorite waltz.

Friday and his master being both athletic and in excellent training, this privilege is reluctantly accorded.

Ever since her immortalizing adventure, Red Riding Hood's nerves have been in a delicate state, and ere Friday's gyrations are well begun, she and the unfortunate Babes are in convulsions. Don Quixotte charges upon the innocent savage, who is, of course, vigorously defended by his master. A fearful scene ensues. Vanisa's wand at length restores outward harmony, but many brows are overcast.

In an alcove apart from the throng, as if dreading contamination, is Lucilla Stanley. Sitting most painfully erect, with eyes closed and ears stopped, expressive of her utter abhorrence of all about her, she makes herself as generally disagreeable as any one present, which is saying a great deal, to be sure.

Sir Charles Grandison, who stands behind his

hostess with anything but a festive air—precise, disapproving, unapproachable—is little better.

The guest whose coming Amy had anticipated with most eagerness, was Christian. She longed to behold his delight at seeing Christiana and the children in their Pilgrim suit.

The family reunion was a beautiful sight, and yet their joy was of short duration. Such an uncongenial multitude! He at first thought it was Vanity Fair, and then said it was no better. He told them he had once loved them all, and it grieved him to see such dear friends in fiction so proud, wayward and selfish in reality. He exhorted them with most earnest pathos to reform, but his voice was disregarded, and soon drowned in their loud clamor. So, sorrowfully and quietly he bade Amy adieu, and withdrew with his family from the scene.

The girl whose lips drop jewels, adds greatly to the confusion. She is the belle of the party, and it's wonderful how interesting all classes find her. She is such a darling, the elders insist upon her sitting in their laps, and bestow frequent kisses upon her precious lips. The juveniles crowd about her, jostling each other in their attempts to catch the precious stones, and quarrelling for their possession.

At length, Amy, in despair, condemning her to utter silence, hides her within the sacred precincts of Miss Stanley's alcove—a resort which is quickly invaded by the enterprising young members of the Swiss Family Robinson, who continue to poke and terrify her into involuntary ejaculations.

The perplexed hostess hastens the advent of supper, which she trusts may restore good-nature; at least it will serve as a diversion. Pique, pride and rivalry, prevent the observance of any courteous ceremonies, and the whole company proceed *en masse* to the supper-room. The table, which is laid with great elegance, sparkles with myriad waxen lights and a splendid array of silver. Great pyramidal bouquets fill the air with fragrance. Everything is prepared in a style of quaint beauty. Among many rare delicacies, the viands most common are scarcely recognizable, because fashioned in some fantastic though lovely form. Nothing which can charm the eye or tempt the appetite is forgotten.

Even Sir Charles Grandison begins to thaw, and instinctively to act the part of the attentive gallant, until Jack Horner's vulgar greediness restores his former frigidity.

Few find the condiment they desire. Miss Stanley prefers water-cresses to ambrosia, and declares herb tea a much more salubrious and agreeable beverage than nectar. Raw meat is essential to Friday's well-being, and the covetous glance he casts upon the plump little heroine of the Three Bears causes her to retire with great precipitation.

Supper proving rather a bone of contention than a mollifying banquet, Amy hurries the com-

pany once more to the drawing-room. Here is something to interest them, surely; an automaton elephant, equipped with Eastern splendor, and presenting quite a magnificent appearance. It is indeed an ingenious and interesting contrivance. The children are invited to ride, good Vanisa holding the strong silken string which guides the motions of the beast.

Jack Horner, being a "brave boy," is the first to mount, and soon tires of moving slowly under a woman's direction, so wilfully insists upon taking the check rein-himself.

He sets off at a famous pace, which increases in swiftness as he gains confidence, until he fairly runs. One of the Woodland Babes stumbles in his path; in vain he strives to check the monster playing; he has lost all control thereof. Another instant, and the poor child will be crushed. Jack and his victims turn, send up a shrill and dismal shriek; the duet speedily becomes a chorus, in which all of the juveniles join. Don Quixotte and

Jack Giant-Killer, who have been burning for an adventure, charge simultaneously with drawn swords, and the luckless toy flies in a thousand fragments about the room, shattering statues and mirrors, extinguishing lights, wounding many, and discomposing all.

The utmost limit of Vanisa's power can only avail to disperse the angry throng. As they pass sullenly from her threshold, Amy sadly feels that though black looks are interchanged, the blackest fall on her.

Grace suddenly awaked, feeling a damp, chilly sensation about her throat, and clasped with strangling closeness by little arms—"Why, Amy! what are you crying for?" she said, giving her sister a gentle shake.

"Oh, Vanisa! dear, good godmother, give me back flesh and blood realities," sobbed Amy. "The Greens and Flints, Nettie and Nell Winsor are better than Lucilla Stanley and Sir Charles Grandison."

THE HOME CIRCLE.

EDITED BY A LADY.

NOTES OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

"I'm so tired," said Mary Wells, coming in last evening, "stitching, stitching, from five or six in the morning, till ten or eleven at night."

"Well, why do you sew that way?—can't you strike for fewer hours?"

"I don't know. Women seem to think that the work done is in proportion to the time used. But it is not so. If I could only make the women I work for believe it, I could do more work in eight or ten hours, than I now do in fifteen. I can't sit and sew from light in the morning till late bedtime, and sew as fast as I can all the while; that is, as fast as I could sew for a few hours. Now, in this month that I have been sewing for Mrs. Marston, I could have done all I have done—sewing every minute I was up, except when I went to my meals—if I had only sewed eight or ten hours a day, and the rest of the time ran about, or done what I pleased."

"Well then, why don't you say when you go to sew at a place—'Let me sew eight or ten hours a day, and have the rest of my time for exercise, or amusement, or rest. If I do not accomplish as much in this way as I did on the old plan, I will agree to return to it.' Say that you think your health suffers by sitting so much, and no one is the better for it. I'm sure no reasonable woman could refuse to let you try the experiment."

"Then we haven't got any reasonable women," said Mary, "for I have talked round at several

places, in such a way as to let them know what I thought, but no one of them ever seemed to take the hint."

"Oh, well, women don't think—don't see," I said. "They are absorbed in their own affairs, and things that they are used to seeing, don't appear to them in their right light, many times. It may be true, as a friend of mine said, that every woman ought to work for others awhile, to know how to treat those employed by her. But I'll tell you what we'll do. When you come to sew for me, we'll try the new plan, and see how it works, and then I will report. Perhaps others will be willing to try it, if I report favorably."

"I shall be very glad," said Mary, "for my side has troubled me a good deal lately, and I've been afraid sometimes that I should have to give up sewing. I should be very sorry, for I don't know what would become of mother, if I should."

I thought of it after Mary went out. How often we do injustice to others, a great injury—sometimes, without benefiting ourselves. It is from want of thought—want of reflection—a failure to see the connection between cause and effect, that most of this occurs. How few women would tax Mary in the way she is taxed, could they see that they are slowly, but surely sapping the foundation of her health, thus not only depriving her of life—using her very life blood, but debarring her from a portion of her liberty and the pursuit of happiness, that a few hours freedom each day would give her, and they would be just as well off.

MAY-TIME.

BY THE LATE M. LOUISE CHITWOOD.

It was a May-time afternoon
That passed away too soon, too soon.
Above us was the misty sky,
As blue as some seraphic sky,
Below, the orchard blooms so fair,
Shed perfume on the breezy air.
We heard the sound of rushing streams,
The song of birds, the bees sweet hum—
Our hearts with happiness were dumb.

Upon the blue eyes of the sky
A misty cloud came floating by,
A shadow o'er the orchard white,
And o'er the woods a softened light;
And suddenly the sadness crept
From the cloud's bosom, and it wept.
Oh, care we nothing for the rain?
We love its sweet, bee-like refrain;
We said, in happy, brighter hours,
Our lives are odorous as the flowers;
And when the storms of life come down
Upon our brows, love's precious crown
Will shine in lustre o'er our way—
To us, to us, 'twill aye be day.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

We have often watched this curious plant moving its leaves and drawing away from the touch of the human hand, and wondered what was the secret of the singular phenomena. An English scientific gentleman attributes it to the influence of electricity, and in order to test his theory made experiments with his fingers, an electrical conductor, and a non-conductor. He tells us:—

"The results were these: On touching gently and even lightly pressing the folioles with glass, they remained as they were; on touching them with steel held in the fingers, or (in other instances) with the fingers, they made their usual movement. Again, before I applied these tests, a gentleman asked me to explain how it happened that the plant moved more readily when touched by any of his children than by himself. He had seen this take place several times, and could not account for it. I thought it harmonized exactly with my theory, and have since had reason to believe that with the same individual the action will be more evident when he is in a tonic state (if I may use the expression) than when he is exhausted and weary. Although what I have shown goes to prove that the passage of electricity between the points in contact will account for the movement of the folioles in such instance, I do not mean to say that whenever the foliole moves there must be contact with a conductor. For I hold it possible that the plant may be capable of developing within itself sufficient of such force to close its folioles (a seemingly protective movement) if roughly handled. From what I have observed with regard to the sensitive plant, it appeared to me probable that the fly-trap movement of the processes of the *Dionda muscipula* was due to the same cause. Having gently touched these exteriorly, I was disappointed to find no result produced.

Laying the tip of the little finger (in two cases) softly within the expanded processes, I found them to close, whereupon I immediately withdrew it, that there might be no possibility of injury to the plant. I thought the fact almost valueless, as there was no opportunity of testing what would be the action with a non-conductor. However, but a few moments had elapsed when my attention was drawn to a distinctly painful sensation in the ulnar nerve at the right elbow, it being the little finger of the right hand I had used. This sensation persisted for some time, then imperceptibly passed away. I admit that the subject is capable of many more tests and much more development than I can give it in this letter or at this time. It is my intention, however, to pursue the investigation, confident that it will be recognized as one of considerable importance and replete with interest. Now, when the rigid limit drawn by the old naturalists between the animal and vegetable kingdoms has been found untenable, there will be many, I presume, to admit that *a priori* there is no absolute reason why individuals of the former kingdom should be endowed with power of generating electricity essentially denied to all members of the latter; few also, I believe, will assert the antecedent impossibility of any of those plant-organs, termed 'vessels' and 'ribs,' subserving in a very restricted sense, it may be, the purpose of nerves."

MAE.

BY ERNESTINE.

Out among the birds and flowers,
All the livelong summer day,
Brighter than the brightest hours,
Flitted laughing baby Mae.
Dimpled shoulders, sunny tresses,
Rosy lips, and blue eyes mild;
All things lavished sweet caresses
On our gentle, loving child.

Now the summer flowers are dying—
Fading on the earth's cold breast,
And our darling too is lying
In her quiet, dreamless rest.
All the hopes that once we cherished,
All the dreams of joy and pride,
With the gentle flowers have perished,
With the summer hours have died.

Put aside the tiny dresses,
Lay the little shoes away,
With the hat that hid the tresses,
Sunny tresses of our Mae.
Take the empty crib, and set it
In the darkened room o'erhead;
Would we could one hour forget it—
Baby, baby Mae is dead.

Baby Mae is sleeping, sleeping
In the quiet, grassy dell;
Weary hearts are weeping, weeping
For the one they loved so well.
But her tiny feet have flitted
Up the bright and shining way,
And we know our darling sitteth
With the angel throng to-day.

HOME HINTS AND HAPPENINGS.

EDITED BY F. H. STAUFFER.

41. By reading, we enrich the mind; by education, we polish it.

42. He who labors for mankind without caring for himself, has already begun his immortality.

43. The effect of character is always to command respect. We sport, and toy, and laugh with men or women who have none; but we never confide in them.

44. He who checks his child with terror,

Stops its play and chills its song,

Not alone commits an error,

But a grave and moral wrong.

Give it play, and never fear it,

Active life is no defect;

Never, never break its spirit—

Curb it only to direct.

45. When the Emperor Conrad besieged Hensburg, the women of the city found it was impossible to hold out any longer. They therefore petitioned the Emperor to allow them to leave the city with only as much as each could carry with her. The Emperor, believing that the burden of each would necessarily be light, conceded to their request. A flag of truce was hoisted, and silence prevailed. One of the city gates flew open, and the women marched out, rank and file, and what do you think they were carrying? Peace to their ashes and honor to their memory! Every one of them had her husband on her back. The Emperor was so stricken by their conjugal fidelity, that he restored the husbands back to their wives, and the city to all its former privileges.

46. The old monks of the middle ages had a way of erasing the ancient writing from parchment, that they might substitute the legend of a Saint for the Book of Livo. But there is no art of monk, no device of chemist, which can blot from the child's mind the early impressions received at home. They strike through like the red letters on a bank bill.

47. "A room with pictures in it, and a room without pictures," says Richard Storrs Willis, differ nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. There is a melancholyness about bare walls. Pictures are loopholes of escape to the soul. When it is winter in the natural world, it may be summer in the picture world.

48. There is an old age of the heart which is possessed by many who have no suspicion that they have anything old about them; and there is a youth which never grows old—a love, who is ever a boy—a Psyche who is ever a girl.

49. It is in a father's power to inspire his children, especially if he keeps the Word of God in his hands as he proceeds, with a moral heroism which will make them proof against all the seductive influences of immorality and vice by which

they may be surrounded; unmoved under the dignified consciousness of self-rectitude.

50. There is a green germ of goodness in every heart that beats. We may talk of the depravity of man, but there never was a felon in chains who had not some gleam of sunshine folded away in his breast.

THE WHAT NOT.

By dint of much persuasion, little Trevanion, whose usual bedtime is seven o'clock, obtained leave to sit up "for once" until nine. In about an hour, he was found fast asleep on the sofa.

"Why, how's this?" said an elder brother, "here's Trevanion fast asleep."

"No, not asleep," said the little boy, wide awake in an instant—"I just shut my eyes for a minute and forgot to open them, that's all."

When Madame Rachel saw her stout sister Sarah dressed for the part of a shepherdess, her comment was—"Sarah, dear, you look like a shepherdess who has just dined on her flock."

"WE ARE FREE."

The winds, as at their hour of birth

Leaning upon the rigid sea,

Breathed low around the rolling earth

With mellow preludes, "We are free."

The streams through many a lilled row

Down-carolling to the crisped sea,

Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow

Atween the blossoms, "We are free."

Tennyson.

TO-MORROW.

'Tis late at night, and in the realm of sleep

My little lambs are folded like the flocks;

From room to room I hear the wakeful clocks

Challenge the passing hour, like guards that keep

Their solitary watch on tower and steep;

Far off I hear the crowing of the cocks,

And through the opening door that time unlocks

Feel the fresh breathing of To-morrow creep.

To-morrow! the mysterious, unknown guest,

Who cries to me: "Remember Barmecide,

And tremble to be happy with the rest."

And I make answer: "I am satisfied;

I dare not ask; I know not what is best;

God hath already said what shall betide."

Longfellow.

CHARADES, ENIGMAS, &c.

I.

CHARADE.

A noun there is of plural number,

Foe to peace and tranquil slumber;

If any other noun you take,

By adding a you plural make;

But if an a you add to this,

Strange is the metamorphosis,

Plural is plural now no more,

And sweet what bitter was before.

II. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My second to my first is essential,
But to become truly my whole
He must not be very consequential—
Plain is our meaning, as the "North Pole."

1. On washing days I, without any jest,
Am always in very great request:
2. I dare not tell what I have sighted,
Nor how many vows I've heard plighted.
3. A book by the author of "Pelham;"
If you are very curious—spell 'em.
4. Whenever I am exhibited,
Then is comfort prohibited.
5. With what we like our efforts crowned,
You will agree with me, I'll be bound.
6. It may be full of love or hate,
Which then, fair reader, is your fate?

III. DECAPITATIONS.

1. I am the best of everything; cut my head off,
I am a frost; cut my tail off, and I signify order;
without both head and tail, I am a margin.
2. I form an essential part of most animals; cut
my head off, and I grieve; cut my tail off, and I
rotate; without both head and tail, and I become
indispensable to ladies.
3. The reverse of love I am; cut my head off,
and I become part of a verb; cut my tail off, and
I am most men's abomination; without both head

and tail, I signify locality; without head, trans-
pose me, and I become the verb above alluded to.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is the first thing young ladies do when
they go to church? Look out for the hymns
(hims). What building would be better suited for
such a purpose? A chapel of ease (he's).
2. When the cherries are ripe, where do the
birds go? To Peekham (peck 'em).
3. What three disorders incidental to childhood
are like the contents of a breakfast-table? The
cough hiccup and Teething (coffee cups and tea
things).
4. Why are fowls likely to have no hereafter?
Because they have their necks *twir'd* in this.
5. Why cannot you insure the life of the French
Emperor? No man can make out his policy.
6. Why is a fir-tree like a pack of cards? It is
out for deal.
7. Why is the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland like a
man inquiring what o'clock it is? He is as king,
for the time.
8. Why should you burn a thief's children?
They're pastiles (their pa steals).
9. What Scripture character took a London
newspaper? Cain took Abel's life (a Bell's Life).

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC., IN APRIL
NUMBER.—I. The vowels. II. Letter L.

HINTS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

WINE JELLY.—Soak four ounces of gelatine in
one quart of cold water for half an hour. In the
meantime mix with two quarts of cold water six
tablespoonfuls of brandy, one pint of white wine,
six lemons cut up with the peel on, the whites and
shells of six eggs, the whites slightly beaten, the
shells crushed, three pounds of white sugar, then
mix the gelatine with the other ingredients, and
put them over the fire. Let it boil without stirring
for twenty minutes, strain it through a flannel bag
without squeezing; wet the mould in cold water,
pour the jelly in, and leave it in a cool place for
three hours.

BEEF TEA FOR INFANTS.—Take one and a half
pounds of the best steak, cut it into very small
pieces, and put them into an earthen-ware jar with
enough cold water to cover the meat; tie the top
of the jar on, and put it into a saucepan full of hot
water; place the saucepan on the fire, and allow it
to boil for three hours, by which time all the good-
ness of the meat will be extracted. This is the
pure essence of beef. No vegetables or seasoning
of any kind should be used for babies, a little salt
only should be added.

A favorite dish in New Jersey is called "Lemon
Butter." The following is the recipe for it:—
Six eggs, two lemons, quarter pound of butter, one
pound of sugar. Beat butter and sugar together,
add the eggs, grated peel and juice of lemons; put
over the fire and boil twenty minutes, stirring all
the time.

YELLOW FLUMMERY.—Boil two ounces of isin-
glass in a pint and a half of water till it is dis-
solved, and then add a pint of white wine, the
juice of two and the outside of three lemons, the
yelps of seven eggs well beaten, and sugar to your
taste. Mix the whole together and set it on the
fire till it boils, stirring it continually; strain it
into a basin, and stir it till it is almost cold, then
put it into the moulds.

TO CLEAN IVORY.—The only safe way to clean
ivory is to wash it well with a brush in soap and
cold water, and after drying it partially, to place
it in the sun for some time. It must not be put
near the fire, or it will become quite yellow. This
plan will not answer if the ivory be stained with
acid of any kind.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR MUTUAL FRIEND. By Charles Dickens. With original illustrations by S. Eytinge, Jr. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This, the latest, and among the best of the author's stories, comes second in the beautiful "diamond edition" now in the course of publication by Ticknor & Fields. Everything about the volume is attractive; and the size, so pleasant to the hand, will naturally give this series of books much favor with the public. The illustrations show a marked improvement on the first volume of the series.

THE CHRISTIAN HYMNAL. Hymns with Tunes for the Service of the Church. Compiled and edited by Rev. Frank Sewell. Philada.: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The author of this rare collection has evidently had his heart in a work for which his musical taste and education, and particularly his love of sacred music and sacred songs, have especially fitted him. The book is not intended for any particular denomination, but the arrangement of the hymns in two parts, the first comprising those on the Incarnation and Redemption, in the order of the Gospel narrative, or the Christian year, and the second containing General and Occasional Hymns, arranged according to their topics, will make the collection convenient for use in worship, both in congregations and at home.

To all who are interested in hymnology, this volume possesses no ordinary interest. The materials from which it has been composed were collected from the wide range of English, German and Latin sacred poetry and harmony, old and new. To a number of hymns of genuine excellence, endeared and familiar from long usage, and wedded to their quaint but pleasant old melodies, have been added, says the compiler, many beautiful modern English hymns and tunes, together with a good number of celebrated German hymns, in most cases translated in their original metres and set to their proper chords. Versions of a number of the old Latin hymns, and favorites of many ages, have also been introduced, and these, with the German translations and chorals are, it is believed, now for the first time made accessible to singers of sacred music in this country.

RECORDS OF FIVE YEARS. By Grace Greenwood. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

"The Baby in the Bath Tub," is worth the price of the book, which is made up of a number of brief articles from the graceful pen of one of our most charming writers; a part written during our peaceful days, and a part thrilled by the spirit felt

in every loyal heart during the war that we are beginning already to look back upon as in the far away past.

HEAVEN AND ITS WONDER, AND HELL. From things Heard and Seen. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Originally published in Latin at London, A. D. 1758. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. Price \$2.50.

As a specimen of book-making, this volume is equal to anything we have seen from the press in this or any other country. As to the book itself, now taken up by one of our leading houses in the trade and given to the public in such an elegant dress, more than a hundred years after its first appearance in London, its perusal cannot fail to impress every fair and reflective mind with a profound respect for the author. It will be seen that he is in no sense a "spiritualist" as many have been led to think, but that the doctrines he presents, and the facts he discloses, give the antidote to this "spiritualism," as it is called, which has wrought such moral desolation in the last few years.

It will also be seen that he writes with great calmness, always—when not giving, in his clear, orderly way, like a traveller describing the scenery, inhabitants, laws and customs of a new country, his descriptions of things heard and seen—addressing the reason, and referring in proof of every doctrine advanced to the Bible itself.

We state so much, in referring to this remarkable volume, that we may give truthful testimony in regard to it. No one need fear to read, lest some fatal heresy lurk in its pages. Its author was a good and a great man, beloved and honored by the best of his time; and now, after the passage of a hundred years, what he revealed and taught is commanding the attention of the good and great of a generation far advanced in Christian intelligence and Christian charity beyond that of his time.

CHRONICLES OF THE GREAT REBELLION AGAINST THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. Being a concise Record and Digest of the Events connected with the Struggle—Civil, Political, Military, and Naval—with the Dates, Victories, Losses, and Results. Embracing the period between April 23, 1861, and October 31, 1865. Philadelphia: A. Winch.

The title of this volume clearly sets forth its character. It is arranged like a diary, beginning at the commencement of the war, and recording, under its proper date, every important event. As a book of reference, it will be found extremely useful.

EDITORS' DEPARTMENT.

TALKS AT ROCKLEDGE.

A dozen letters, which Dr. Ben had been diligently consummating for the last hour and a half, loosely scattered over a large area of library table, Grace at the farther end with a book, and I, in the cosiest of arm-chairs, dividing equally the distance between them, with that delightful sense of well-earned rest for mind and body which follows a day of bustling activities of all sorts.

Outside there was a moon at its full, and some faint white clouds tossed about it as though she had thrown them off her face, and the folds lay crumpled and torn among the stars. Among the trailing vines, too, outside, there was a hint of winds soft as a trickle of summer rain.

Dr. Ben, in his rapid way, set a red blot of sealing-wax to each of his letters, brushed the whole into a small lava tray on one side, and surveyed them a moment with a kind of grim exultation, as one might so many vanquished foes. Then he rose up, stuck his hands in his pocket, and walked out on the veranda.

In about five minutes he returned. "What are you thinking of, Kitty?" he asked.

"That after all, there is nothing quite so delightful in the world as sitting still with folded hands and nothing to do."

"A sentiment worthy a disciple of Brahma."

"Or a follower of that much-abused Epicurus," laughed Grace, putting down her book.

Dr. Ben took it up, turning first to the title page, which read, "Friends in Council." Grace had laid down her book at Malverton's essay on "Greatness." Dr. Ben read: "There cannot be a great man without sympathy. What a rich kernel of truth is shut up in that nutshell of a sentence!"

"The book is full of just such," said Grace. "You send your plummed line of thought down into the stream, and expect it will touch bottom soon; but it goes on, winding off until you come to the end, and feel there are great depths beyond it. A wonderful book to comfort or strengthen, as one has need;" and she looked at it affectionately.

"To come back again to this matter of sympathy," said Dr. Ben, pacing the rug back and forth, "how many conditions are inevitable before you have the right thing in quality, or quantity! What fine insight, what power to feel, what elevation of character, what breadth of outlook, above all, what broad, far-reaching charity, must go to make up the sum total!"

"And yet, to quote Malverton again," added Grace, "Nothing is understood without this sympathy. But you have made it impossible in large degree to any except an ideal character."

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"Say, rather, impossible in varied forms. Perhaps one man and woman in a million can sympathize with a grief of which they have had no personal experience. I strongly suspect I should come nearer the truth by doubling the million; but certainly they are the great and exceptional souls who do not try their own coat on every other, and if the garment doesn't fit, if there's a strain or a tear, if it is large enough for two, or doesn't cover one, it's all the same—the soul whom the coat does fit, condemns the one whom it doesn't."

"Truer than a good deal of preaching, Dr. Ben," I said. "We make the law of our own souls the law of all others—our own measure the measure of all other lives. That which we do, which we desire, the circumstances that supply our needs, that which we love, hate, admire, disapprove, enjoy, believe, we make the rule of all other lives; and the smaller the soul, the narrower the rule, the smoother fit for the coat, to carry out your metaphor, Dr. Ben."

"Isn't it Ruskin who says that every wave of the sea, every leaf on the trees, has its own individuality, does not exactly repeat any other?" asked Grace.

"Yes," said Dr. Ben, "and then see how people go about lopping off limbs, cracking joints and straining muscles, to fit their bed of Procrustes. 'I never do such a thing; I never want this or that; I am happy here,' is the ultimate appeal with them—no allowance, you see, for essential differences of character, taste, for education, for moods or idiosyncrasies of temperament. How many parents have crushed, and cramped, and hampered the souls committed to them, by having no regard for the individualities of their children, but want them cut and dried after their own pattern, which nature made impossible from the beginning."

"I don't know so much about men as I do about women in this regard," said Grace; "but most of these are fatally narrow, bigoted, unreasonable in this direction. A woman who has but one new gown a year, thinks that ought to be the rule for all the rest of her sex. If she never leaves home, that settles the matter that it is the bounden duty of every other woman never to leave her own fireside. In short, her own social and domestic life, her circumstances and surroundings form the criteria by which she tries all other women, making no allowance for the different constituents which have gone to compound their characters, and never discerning that what is food and life to one soul, is starvation and death to another."

"What is the use of talking when we all agree?" I laughed, as Dr. Ben came and took the vacant

chair on my right. He was of a restless habit, always getting up and sitting down, and never occupying the same position or place for five consecutive minutes. "There is another side to this question. How can people understand that which they have never lived? Would you blame a man who had never experienced a pang in his life, if he had no sympathy with pain? How can knowledge enter without suffering, except in the case of your few great elect souls? Talk to common men and women about a grief which they never felt, and of course it's all Greek to them. What right, then, has one in such cases to look for sympathy?"

"True, in a degree, Kitty," answered Dr. Ben, getting up again. "I hardly ever yet came across a man or woman—and certainly never had a friend—who, if I had fallen down and crushed a bone or sprained a chord, would not have manifested keen and prompt sympathy with my suffering. Yet I have had far keener pangs than that to carry alone. My friends could not enter into the worst places of my grief. If I had unbolted the doors and turned the keys, it would all have been the same; they could not have crossed the threshold. Every human life has its own orbit set for itself to revolve in."

"And that makes advice from sensible and good people so often utterly puerile and worthless!" added Grace. "They inevitably talk to you from their own stand-point, and place themselves right in your attitude and relations; they cannot get out of their own souls into yours, and so all their wisdom goes for nothing. I've been so disappointed, pained, harassed by experiences of this kind, that I've almost made up my mind that I never would give any advice except to children and idiots. It could hardly fail of being sound in these cases."

"Just as your medical schools agree in certain rules of fresh air, exercise in more or less moderation, and diet," I laughed. "There is a certain sort of advice in morals, as well as in medicine, that it is always safe to offer, and that fits everybody's case. It is such a comfort to find that there is some common ground on which even you doctors can agree."

"I've been on the look out for a brush of your sarcasm, Kitty. How fortunate that it is of the kind that tickles instead of cuts, though it has a sharp edge upon occasion. To come back, though, to our topic, it is, as you said, 'a comfort' that there are grand generalities upon which all people agree; but come to the application of the principles, there's the rub! It is best to be good, and wise, and happy; but it must be in my way—after my rule; or, put on your screws, strain the tendons, shift the bars."

"Oh, spare us, Dr. Ben!" cried Grace, with a start like a wounded animal, "I'm sick of the old martyr. Don't look shocked, Kitty—I mean I'm haunted by them. Three times I've attempted 'Molay's Rise of the Dutch Republic,' and, charm-

ing and instructive as the book is, the burnings, hangings, drownings, tortures, have proved too much for me."

"Yet," replied Dr. Ben, "the knowledge of all that is necessary to any proper notion or valuation of our own freedom and blessings. Smithfield and the Star Chamber, Jeffreys and Laud, are passed away; but the spirit which possessed them is not dead yet—the seven devils of tyranny and persecution are not yet cast out from the world, though it manifests itself in different forms now-a-days."

"Yes, you find its ugly likeness in ten thousand social despotisms and conventionalisms; in domestic life, too, where people whom blood or some other tie binds together, harass, goad, embitter each other, because each does not think, see, feel, believe as the other. As though that were possible—as though one human being could ever thoroughly enter into the moods, temperaments, soul of another. If we could only learn how wisely to let alone."

"And," added Grace, who always finds the brightest and best side to any question—the side which is lifted out from the darkness and soil of this world, and catches a gleam of Heaven's pure light upon it—"And since we have been talking, I have seemed to see deeper and clearer into that word 'Charity,' and that it covers all we have been saying, as, if we search long enough, we shall find it does everything else in life. And then one reflects with a kind of exultation that He who gave us that word, and told us it was the great fountain-head of all streams of truth, is to judge and decide for us, not after another's law, nor with doctrines, the commandments of men."

"We can't say anything better than that if we try, little Grace; so we'll end right here. It's past your bedtime, girls," glancing at the clock on the mantel; "so go out on the veranda for the space of three minutes, and then carry yourselves up stairs. It is good to look into the stars and find what they have to say before one goes to sleep."

"And you have promised us fresh clams for breakfast, and they are still snug under the sands. You must be up an hour before sunrise, Dr. Ben. That's a dreadful plunge from sympathy and the stars, I know; but this week I'm housekeeper," I said, as we went out on the veranda, and as in a vision the night was filled with the glory of the moon.

SUFFERING.—"Let no man dread it too much, because it is good for him, and it will help to make him sure of his being immortal. It is not in the bright, happy day, but only in the solemn night, that other worlds are to be seen shining in their long, long distances. And it is in sorrow—the night of the soul—that we see farthest, and know ourselves natives of infinity, and sons and daughters of the Most High."

PROGRESS.

Every year the hard, often cruel, limitations of prejudice are giving way, and new ideas fall into men's minds, and rest there in the light of reason and common sense. It is hardly a score of years since the suggestion of medicine as a sphere of use for women was met by ridicule, assault, denunciation, scorn. Yet now we have physicians of the gentler sex, passing in and out of sick chambers, and showing equal skill with their sterner rivals in the profession; and we are beginning to accept the innovation as something against which it is useless to set up barriers, even though in all cases our acquiescence is not with smiling grace.

Speaking of the progress which more liberal ideas in regard to women are making, Mrs. Childs remarks:—

"There was a great cackling among British biddies when Florence Nightingale proposed to go to the Crimea to nurse wounded soldiers. 'What an unfeminine proceeding!' they exclaimed, 'to go among an army of men! Of course, she will meet with all manner of insults, and see all manner of improper sights.' But Miss Nightingale went in the panoply of her modesty and conscientious kindness, and the poor soldiers looked upon her as an angel sent from Heaven, and reverently blessed her passing shadow as it fell on their miserable pallets. When her mission of mercy was finished, she retired to the seclusion of her own home, none the less a gentlewoman for all that hard and painful experience. Her example had such an ennobling effect on American women that they rose up by hundreds as missionaries of mercy during our civil war, and manifested a degree of business talent in the management of sanitary commissions that would have made merchant princesses of some of them if it had been carried into the departments of commerce. These various successes have encouraged women to claim an acknowledged place in the medical profession. They were met, as usual, with some frowns and a few jeers; but the prevailing disposition seems to be to leave the course open to them, and they are fast becoming an honorable and established class of physicians."

DANGEROUS TOYS.

The following information may be of value to parents, as a caution against placing chemical toys in the hands of young children. It is from the *London Lancet*:

"Everything now-a-days must have a dash of science about it, even the playthings of our children. The combustibility of certain metals has been taken advantage of in the manufacture of amusing toys, and the preparation of the material for experiments in the parlor and the nursery. Chemical forces are very powerful; they cannot be trifled with nor be brought into action without corresponding effect. A great number of the toys are explosive; and whilst they delight, no doubt, by the brilliancy of their behavior, and in some degree tend to excite an interest for science, they contain within themselves, and when burnt give rise to, compounds of a very dangerous nature. The fumes from 'Pharóah's Serpents' contain mercurial vapor sufficient to salivate and injure those who breathe it. Unfortunately, too, being covered by tin foil, they resemble bits of chocolate, and are

apt to be swallowed at the risk of life. The newest sensation toy is named 'Devil's Tears,' and is composed of a little oval cotton capsule, open at one end, and covered by a layer of varnish, resembling closely red sweetmeats, or the berries of the hawthorn; indeed, out of five children who were asked, on specimens being shown them, what they were, three declared they were sweets, and two berries. These 'Devil's Tears' contain in the centre a little piece of the metal potassium, which inflames when brought in contact with water. There are several imitations made on the same principle, called 'Juno's Tears,' 'Witch's Tears,' and so on, all of which, when thrown into water, burn and explode, scattering little red-hot fragments in all directions, so that children who play with them run great danger of burns and other injury. Should one of these balls be swallowed—and they are and will be plentifully distributed no doubt at this season amongst our little ones—the consequence would be almost assuredly fatal. We condemn their use, and hope that the public will be made fully acquainted with their nature."

PETERSONS' DICKENS.

Besides their many complete editions of Dickens' works, in all styles and at all prices, the Messrs. Petersons have commenced the publication of a "People's Edition," the first volume of which gives us "Our Mutual Friend," with all the original illustrations. Their "National Edition," as they call it, gives the entire works of Dickens in seven volumes, at prices varying from \$20 to \$35, according to style of binding.

THE PIANIST'S ALBUM.

A New and Brilliant set of Piano Pieces suited to every capacity, and indispensable to every pianist who would become familiar with the Popular Music of the day. A very large number of the Gems contained in this Book are not to be found in any other, a fact that will render it the leading one of its kind. Price, Plain, \$2.50; Cloth, \$3.00; Cloth, full gilt, \$4.00. Sold by all Music Dealers, and mailed, postpaid. Oliver Ditson & Co., Publishers, Boston.

In a cotemporary we find the following historical statistics regarding the "influence of wives":—

"It is not all a dream which made the wife of Julius Cæsar so anxious that he should not go to the Senate chamber on the fatal Ides of March; and had he complied with her entreaties, he might have escaped the dagger of Brutus. Disaster followed disaster in the career of Napoleon, from the time he ceased to feel the balance-wheel of Josephine's influence on his impetuous spirit. Our own Washington, when important questions were submitted to him, often has said that he would like to carry the subject to his bedchamber before he had formed his decision; and those who knew the judgment and elevated purpose of Mrs. Washington, thought all the better of him for wishing to make her, confidential counsellor. Indeed, the great majority of men, who have acquired for themselves a good and great name, were not only married men, but happily married—both paired and matched."

"Habit is a cable. We weave a thread of it every day, and at last we cannot break it."

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FASHIONS.

Furnished by *Mme. Demorest for the Home Magazine.*

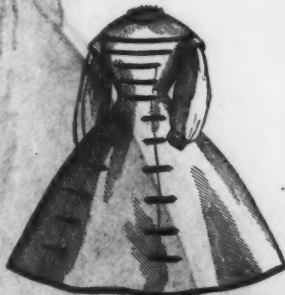


THE "VERONESE" ROBE.

This dress is gored without plaits at the waist, and trimmed with upright bands of silk plush, edged with a narrow heading at the front and back, and with bands forming a border for the bottom of the skirt at the sides. The outside bands, front and back, extend over the shoulder; the second on the front of the waist to the shoulder. The buttons down the front match the heading.



No. 1.—LITTLE LADY WASHINGTON.



No. 2.—LITTLE GIRL'S GORED DRESS.

No. 1.—A little gored dress, cut square in the neck, with short sleeves, for a child of five to seven years of age. It should be made in gray delaine, and trimmed with silk cashmere braid, or in plain cambric, trimmed with narrow stripes of French print, covering the seams down each side of the front breadth, and arranged as *tablier* up the front.

No. 2.—Gored dress of fine all wool delaine, trimmed with black and white silk braid, in straps crossing the seams each side of the front, and the bust from shoulder to shoulder. The long sleeves are white jaconet; only the caps and cuffs are of delaine, trimmed with braid.



No. 1.

No. 2.

No. 1.—A low-crowned bonnet of lavender crape, with a handsome straw ornament placed across its centre, and crystal pendants and heading around the edge of the rim. A sprig of heliotrope is placed over the ties on one side, the ties consisting of first, narrow lavender ribbon, over these, crape edged with blonde, and finally fancy ties of straw braid, with tassels on the ends. These last are the continuation and terminus of the ornament on the crown.

No. 2.—Bonnet of white crape, with ruching of narrow blonde, running in half circle towards the left side, from the cape to the front, daisies dotted here and there in the ruching. A rosette of blonde on the other side, with daisy in the centre. From this a lace streamer springs, edged with daisies. The brim and cape are turned up, and surmounted with a ruching. Narrow white ties.



Black gros grain, with jet and velvet trimmings.



THE BONNET—200



THE BONNET—200

No. 1.—NEAPOLITAN BONNET.

No. 2.—CHIP BONNET.

No. 1.—White Neapolitan, of the Bergere shape, with the ears at the sides, almost reproduces the old Gypsy. The trimming is extremely well adapted to the style; it consists of chains of straw and crystal, with crystal pendants, and a cluster of rose-buds on one side. Narrow ties, with lace overties, and plain white bandeau inside. The cape or rim is turned up at the back, and faced with white silk.

No. 2.—A fancy pointed chip, with barbe of thread lace, pulled through the centre and placed directly across the top of the bonnet, in conjunction with a jet chain and rings. One side is plain, on the other a nest is formed of the lace, half concealing a moss rose and buds. The ties are plain black, with lace overties. Inside trimming, puffed lace band, with jet pendant, and cluster of rose-buds on one side.



EVENING DRESS AT HOME.

Dress of white foulard delaine, trimmed with upright bands of blue ribbon, enclosed with double ruffles of blue ribbon, so as to form a border for the bottom of the skirt. A belt and square trimming for the waist, and simulated cuffs for the bottom of the sleeves. Shakspeare collar of cluny lace.



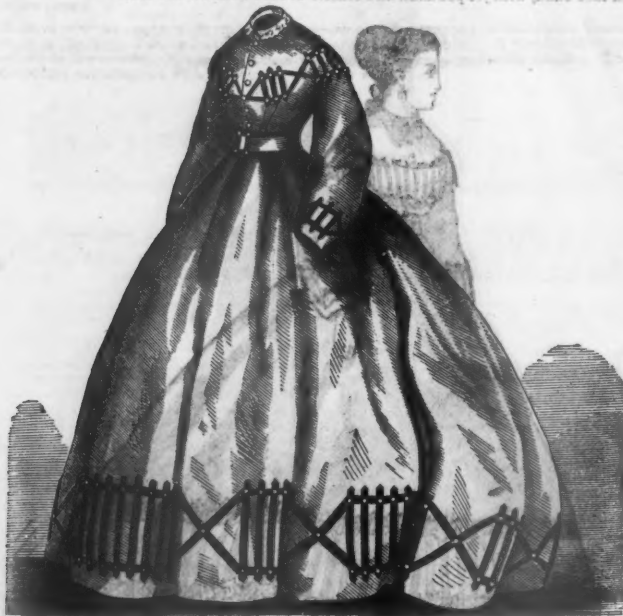
No. 1.—MISSSES' GORED PALETOT.



No. 2.—SPRING SUIT.

No. 1.—A very pretty gored paletot, trimmed to simulate a peplum jacket, with black velvet or ribbon brocaded in blue to imitate buttons, and called the "button" trimming. The sleeves are shaped and trimmed to match. Blue buttons down the front, and binding of blue silk or galloon upon the edge.

No. 2.—A handsome spring suit in Aberdeen wincey, mixed black and gold, or green and gold. The suit consists of skirt and jacket, the latter open on the sides and forming three pointed basques at the back. Black silk braid, brocaded in gold spots, constitutes the trimming, which is arranged in ladders at the sides of the skirt, and as a border and covering to the seams.

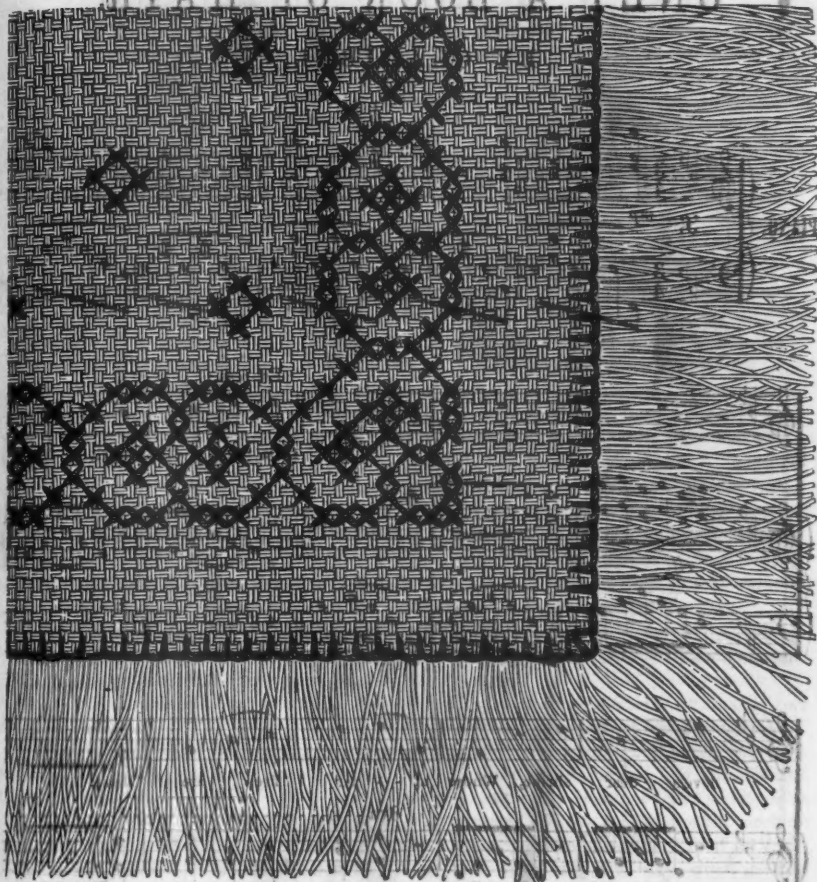


GOATS' HAIR DRESS FOR COUNTRY WEAR.

Dress of dark gray goats' hair tissue, trimmed with dark green ribbon, put on in squares crossed at intervals and barred with straps of the same, fastened with small crystal nails or buttons. The trimming is repeated upon the waist and sleeves.

FANCY AND USEFUL NEEDLE-WORK.

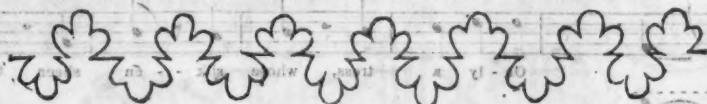
ONLY A LOOK OF HAIR



SERVLETTE FOR CHESTNUTS, CAKES,
BREAD, &c.

Serviettes decorated with color are now used in preference to those made of plain white damask. The Java cloth, is the new material for these serviettes. It is a loosely woven fabric, very much like Panama canvas, only white. The design is worked in scarlet, or rather Turkey-red ingrain embroidery cotton, the

stitch being the ordinary cross-stitch taken over two threads of the material. The edge is worked in buttonhole stitch, taken at long intervals, four threads being taken up on the needle for every stitch, and two left between. The fringe is made by rattling the material. This buttonhole border serves to keep the fringe from fraying further than intended. A sixteen-inch square is a convenient size for a serviette intended for a cake or bread basket.



EMBROIDERY.



EMBROIDERY.

(231)

“Music selected by J. A. GETZE”
ONLY A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY CLARIBEL.

PIANO. *mp*

Espress.

1. On - ly a spark from

rit. *p*

love's dear shrine, Whose al - - tar fires are dead;

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On - ly a tress, whose silk - - on sheen Once

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